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"AS YOU WERE" was the command of the voters, not only as to the Presidency but as to the constitution of Congress. The Republicans gain slightly, but the La Follette insurgents still hold the balance in both houses. There were no startling overturns. David Walsh made a splendid fight against former Speaker Gillette for the Senatorship from Massachusetts, and may even overcome a Coolidge lead of 300,000—returns are still incomplete as this issue of *The Nation* goes to press. Thomas Walsh appears to have carried Montana, despite early pessimistic reports, and Montana is spared the disgrace of depriving the nation of so excellent a public servant. Idaho has done its duty in returning Senator Borah, and Nebraska turned out magnificently to show its affection for Senator Norris. South Dakota, electing former Governor MacMaster, has probably added one to the insurgent group in the upper house. Fortunately Mr. Fall's friend Senator Bursum seems to have lost in New Mexico. Wisconsin again returns a complete set of La Follette congressmen except for one or two Socialists; and New York City reelected Fiorello La Guardia, the lone La Follette supporter from the East in the lower house. In the new Congress are no new figures as picturesque as those who enlivened the last, but there is ground for encouragement; the progressives will still be able to dominate the legislative situation in Washington, and if they use their opportunities effectively the voters will ultimately appreciate it.

JUDGE BEN LINDSEY was defeated in Colorado—and thereby Colorado loses a man who has made his State famous in the annals of the national juvenile-court movement. The Klan turned out against him, and in Colorado the Klan counted. In Kansas William Allen White, who "kicked the Ku Klux joss in the slats" in a colorful campaign, ran behind both the candidates who accepted the Ku Klux label. In Indiana, too, the Klan candidates swept in victoriously. Former Governor Walton was defeated for the senatorship from Oklahoma, although Davis carried the State, but Walton's record as governor had been enough to discourage the bitterest Klan-haters from voting for him. Across the border in Texas "Ma" Ferguson rode into office despite the power of the Klan. In its old strongholds that hate-ridden organization is beginning to weaken, but its influence is spreading northward and westward—and as it spreads its influence may be dissipated. Wyoming probably matched Texas in the choice of a woman for governor; but the feminist can find scant ground for enthusiasm in the election of two women who stepped into their husband's shoes and made their campaigns on the records of their male companions—Governor Ferguson had been impeached and thrown out of office; Governor Ross had died. Mrs. Mary Norton, a wet Democrat elected to Congress in Jersey City, was the only woman elected to high office on her own merits, although several able women were elected to hold seats in the various State legislatures.

WHAT DEMOCRATS WILL POINT TO as their one great victory is the reelection of Alfred E. Smith as Governor of New York. It is, in fact, an impressive and a satisfying victory, but it is in no sense one for the Democratic Party. "Al" Smith won not on his party label but because of his personality and his record during two previous terms in Albany. Indeed, his triumph may almost be called a rebuke for his party, since it was insured in no small degree by his strong anti-Klan stand, a position which the Democratic National Convention did not dare to indorse. Governor Smith announced his candidacy late, and did not make the spectacular campaign that was waged by young "Teddy" Roosevelt, his opponent. The latter showed great strength outside of New York City, but the metropolis stuck by its own authentic product so well as to carry Governor Smith to success. Although his majority was smaller than two years ago, he ran ahead of Davis by more than half a million votes. Unfortunately, the State Legislature will probably be Republican in both branches instead of divided as at present. Thus Governor Smith will have a hard row to hoe. But he is a good hoer, and we wish him luck.

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IN THE CAMPAIGN just closed the Republicans expended not only the official fund of some $3,500,000, but uncounted and uncountable sums paid out by various individuals for electioneering activities of their own. Among these latter the largest amount of publicity per dollar spent was probably netted by the trip to Washington of John Drew, Al Jolson, and other footlight favorites. The newspapers, whatever their politics, loaded their columns with stories of the breakfast of griddle cakes and maple syrup with which Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge entertained their guests, and the Sunday photographic sections pictured the event elaborately. It was so touching that busy Broadway stars should be sufficiently devoted to "Cautious Cal" to spend their money in going to Washington and that Al Jolson should have so exerted himself as to make the President "laugh out loud." It was so touching—until it came out that the expenses of the devoted actors had been paid for by Rhinelander Waldo, formerly police commissioner of New York City, as his gift to the Republican campaign. But after all, the trip did its work. Nothing succeeds like publicity; and few who read the first stories, or saw the Sunday pictures, will ever know that the happy event was bought and paid for like other campaign propaganda.

HELENA HILL WEED'S Independent candidacy to succeed the late Senator Brandegee at the special election in Connecticut is important. Her father, Ebenezer J. Hill, represented the southwest corner of Connecticut in Congress for twenty-six years. He was too progressive for the railroad-controlled Republican State machine, which finally cast him aside and picked Brandegee for the Senate in his place. Mrs. Weed, however, has a record of public service all her own. She was one of the suffrage pioneers. She has been an active worker in the cause of international peace and through long experience has acquired familiarity with legislative work in the national capital. She is now president of the Norwalk branch of the Connecticut League of Women Voters. This year she resigned her position as a member of the Republican State Central Committee to become an active worker for the La Follette-Wheeler Independent ticket, heading its list of Connecticut electors. A straight colonial ancestry running back eleven generations has rooted Mrs. Weed in the finest American principles. It is consistent with her family traditions that while her only son is a lieutenant in the United States Navy she has been outspoken in her opposition to American imperialism. She made a notable presentation of the case of Haiti at the Williamstown Institute of Politics in 1922. A weakness of the present Progressive movement to date has been its failure to give adequate recognition to women. Mrs. Weed's candidacy offers a splendid opportunity to retrieve the situation and to add to the Progressive bloc in the United States Senate a well-equipped and conscientious public servant.

SCORE ONE FOR THE LEAGUE! It has provided the machinery for a peaceful settlement of the dispute between Great Britain and Turkey regarding the Turco-Irak frontier in the Mosul region. That poor frontier has been kicked all over the map. During the war the Allies, in one of those conferences at which they attempted to avoid post-war conflicts by dividing the swag before they got it, allotted Mosul to France. The British knew the Mosul region to be rich in oil; Clemenceau apparently did not, so Lloyd George was able to arrange a shift in the frontier by which Mosul came under British sway—still hypothetically. British troops did not occupy Mosul until long after the armistice, when a British fleet was safely anchored off Constantinople. Of course, the Treaty of Sèvres gave Mosul to England, but the Turks never ratified that document. The Treaty of Lausanne, signed after the Turks had driven the Greeks out of Asia Minor, left the Mosul question, still too hot to handle, for future settlement, merely prescribing that England and Turkey would observe the status quo.

LORD CURZON USED TO INSIST that England must remain at Mosul to protect the inhabitants against the Turks, but when the Turks suggested a plebiscite the British hastily intimated that the inhabitants were beneath the voting level. However, the English encouraged certain Christian tribes to settle across the Turkish frontier, where they had never dwelt before, and undertook to protect them. The Turks protested, and enforced their protest with an army which paid little respect to the agreement made in far-off Switzerland. Local British and Turkish captains were on the point of starting a war when their home offices checked them and agreed to refer the question to the League. A League committee headed by Mr. Branting, Sweden's able Socialist premier, has drawn a temporary compromise line which both sides have agreed to observe; and a commission is to study the question and draw a permanent frontier. Our bet is that any League body will make peace by leaving the oil to Great Britain.

THE RECOGNITION OF RUSSIA by France did not save the British Labor Government from defeat, but it will have a useful effect. It will certainly make it difficult for a Conservative Ministry to take any backward steps in that respect; France cannot be left to play with Russia alone. There are, for instance, important iron mines in the Ukraine; there are timber and flax, and there will be grain to export. Ramsay MacDonald made excellent terms for England in his trade treaty with Russia, and no government once in office, no matter what its preelection protest may have been, will dare repudiate them, especially with France in the process of negotiating its own terms of economic friendship. All of which is well understood by European statesmanship, given to acting on realities rather than on indignations and abstract theories. The United States, rooted in Mr. Hughes's idea of what should constitute a Russian Government, stands alone. Even the commercial appeal fails to touch or corrupt that large, empty vision. Not what Russia is, not what the Russian people want, not what Europe recognizes as the stable and existing fact, not these, but something lurking in the head of the Secretary of State holds America in its position of foolish isolation. Can we endure four more years of this?

NOBODY ABLE TO UNDERSTAND the English language can read the statement of Attorney-General Stone in regard to income-tax returns without deciding that publicity is unqualifiedly mandatory in so far as concerns the amount paid by any person. This is all that the newspapers have been publishing or demanding, and the Attorney-General's proposed suit can serve no purpose except to suggest to the public that there has been some excuse for the withholding of such information by certain collectors of customs when, in fact, such action has been a

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plain attempt to defeat the law by officials who happened to disapprove of it. Mr. Stone's comment that the law does not expressly authorize publication by the newspapers is naive. The law does not need to. The newspapers are entitled to print any information to which the public has access. They cannot demand any information to which John Doe is not entitled, but they cannot be put off with less. In other words, a person may demand public information as John Doe or as a reporter for the *Daily Bazoo*. In either case he is entitled to the same facts and he is free to print them. Any law or administrative order which attempted to abridge this right would be in clear violation of the First Amendment to the Constitution, guaranteeing freedom of the press. Without waiting for Mr. Stone's suit, a newspaper or any person who is denied information in regard to the amount of an income tax, or required to give a reason for his demand, should ask the nearest federal court for an order compelling the collector of customs to obey the law.

MOST APPALLING ARGUMENTS are being put forward in opposition to the Child Labor Amendment, apparently in the confident belief that no one will investigate. If their fears have been stimulated sufficiently it is hoped the legislatures will act upon their "best interests." The immediate cause of the publicity about the proposed Twentieth Amendment is that during 1925 a majority of the State legislatures will vote for or against ratification. Enemies of the amendment are painting pictures of extravagant waste in the administration of such a law, of boys and girls loafing in the streets unable to lift a finger until the magic 18-year mark is attained, farmers' children reading novels while their parents work extra hours doing all the chores, schoolboys with summer jobs forced by an inexorable Congress to sit in idleness, children obeying Congress instead of their parents. These are no exaggerations. Read the Georgia resolution refusing ratification:

> The amendment would destroy parental authority and responsibility throughout America, would give irrevocable support to a rebellion of childhood which menaces our civilization, would give Congress not only parental authority but State authority over education. . . . It would place Congress in control in every home in the land between parent and child.

Read the pamphlet published by the National Association of Manufacturers; then read the amendment, and the literature sent out by the Federal Council of Churches; and you may learn how far are the facts from the expressed fears.

THIS IS THE THIRD ATTEMPT by Congress to establish some minimum standard below which no State can fall. Honest argument against the amendment may be based on the contention that the question is not serious enough for federal action. We believe that it is. In support of that belief we reprint the figures from the Census of 1920—1,060,858 children between the ages of 10 and 16 were gainfully employed in that year—one child in every twelve and in some States one in four. One glance at the civil codes of Mississippi, North Carolina, or Georgia ought to be convincing. As Father Ryan says in the *Catholic World:* "Only thirteen States have statutes which are in all respects as good as the laws enacted by Congress in 1916 and 1919; nine States do not prohibit all children under 14 from working in factories and stores; eleven States allow children under 16 to work from nine to eleven hours a day, while four States permit children under 16 to work at night." Read the last few lines again; that is what is meant by "child labor." When you hear those wonderful arguments about Bolshevist origin, administrative expense, State rights, violation of parental sovereignty, remember the children working eleven hours a day and often through the night.

AMERICAN ELECTIONS are rather tame affairs compared to the expressions of the people's will in England. Here a man who interrupts a candidate with a question is regarded as a rowdy and thrown out; there heckling is a fine art, and it takes thoroughgoing "hustling" to arouse disapproval. Some of the American correspondents reporting their first British elections have been much stirred by the sight of candidates with bandages on their heads or with their arms in slings. Apparently these guileless chroniclers had assumed that all Englishmen are such harmless gentlemen as inhabit the lecture platforms of America. As a matter of fact, England has a tradition of red-blooded electioneering methods which would put an American frontier community to shame. In the good old days before pacifist ideas began to pervade politics a candidate counted it a regular part of his election expenses to hire mobs to pelt his opponents with stones and rubbish. To howl down an opposition candidate was one of the simplest of tactics. The *Manchester Guardian*, indeed, digs an interesting item out of the expense account submitted by his campaign manager ("election agents," the British call them) to Sir F. Deval, candidate for the Andover seat in 1786. It read: "To being thrown out of the George Inn, Andover, to both my legs being thereby broken, to surgeon's bill and loss of time and business, all in the service of Sir F. Deval, £500." Nor was there any wave of popular indignation against such treatment. At the polls Sir F. Deval received precisely seven votes.

ACCORDING TO THE NEWSPAPERS, "Nick Carter" is dead. It is the third time in two years. In May, 1922, he committed suicide in the Hotel Broztell, New York; in July, 1924, he died a natural death; and now, on October 28, he passes away once more, this time in a county infirmary in Ohio. The news is startling, but a little investigation solves the mystery. John R. Coryell invented, so it seems, the character, but soon passed it on to Thomas C. Harbaugh, the last to die, who wrote most of the weekly stories from 1880 to 1890, and then resigned the tremendous task to Frederick Van Rensselaer Dey. In addition to "Nick Carter," both Dey and Harbaugh wrote many of the books published under the name of Bertha M. Clay, and each produced an incredible amount of work, Dey being credited with more than 1,076 stories, or more than 40,000,000 words, and Harbaugh with more than 300 volumes. Though both must have enormously increased the prosperity of their publishers, neither seems himself to have profited greatly, for Dey, finding himself destitute, committed suicide and Harbaugh, too, died in poverty. Anxious mothers may have preferred "Little Lord Fauntleroy," the famous author of which has just ended a prosperous career, but boys, impatient of the mild perfection of her little hero, usually slipped away to peruse in the privacy of the coal-shed the more exciting adventures of the unbeatable detective.

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Business Wins

IT was both deep as a well and as wide as a church door. For present purposes it will do and do well. For once the political prophets in the press, the straw ballots, and the betting accurately forecast the result. Yet not Coolidge but business wins. Will Rogers put it exactly when he said that the United States voted to be let alone. The public, misled and deceived about actual conditions in Washington and the country generally, decided to have things remain as they are. "Business as usual" and a cessation of politics was the slogan that carried. Millions, trembling for their jobs while observing the unemployed about them, voted for Coolidge lest a change take their work from them. They clung not to a full dinner pail, but to a partly filled one, and their fears were still further preyed upon by the skilful use made of two of the La Follette proposals. Once more the Democratic Party did not even interest the electorate, and as a result that party seems wiped out in most of the West.

All of which is not without a certain amusing side. When one thinks of the terrible dread the little Progressive Party caused in the breasts of the Republicans and the way the latter shouted themselves red in the face that the country was in danger of immediate collapse or bolshevism overnight, it is impossible not to smile. Late in October in more than one Northwestern State the Republican leaders were privately admitting their defeat—doubtless they are still rubbing their eyes. As for Mr. Davis, whose high-grade and dignified campaign with its unusually fine sportsmanship we are happy to recognize, he must admit now that *myopia candidata*, if we may coin a term, is the easiest of human maladies to catch. He was persuaded that he would win and he solemnly declared that he knew Mr. La Follette would carry ten States. Where stands he now? If this was apathy, well, make the most of it, as was said after the Roosevelt election—and Mr. Coolidge evidently knew how to. As for ourselves, we thought the prairies were beginning to catch fire, and so they did at the edges, but the blaze must be fanned a good deal yet before it will drive the coyotes and the timber-wolves into the open. This year the back-fires easily held the flames in check.

Yet we would not for one moment appear to belittle the magnificent achievement of Senators La Follette and Wheeler. Contrasted with that of Roosevelt in 1912 it is nothing less than amazing. Roosevelt had popularity, wealth, and a tremendously powerful daily press on his side, and many experienced politicians went over to him, taking the party machinery with them. If the 1924 Progressives have received $300,000 it will surprise us. With every bit of machinery to erect and no money to do it with, a necessarily double-headed organization to set up overnight, with only the Scripps papers on their side, La Follette and Wheeler none the less rolled up 4,000,000 votes, obtaining 400,000 votes in conservative New York State alone. It was the La Follette movement which contributed the brains, the life, the color, and some of the real issues to the campaign. When it is known that until October 7 the party could only place seventeen national speakers in the field to talk to a hundred million people, that on one day the national treasurer received only $15 from the entire country, and that in many cities it could not organize at all; when one recalls that the Republicans had $4,000,000 at their disposal, there is not the slightest ground for discouragement. It was a noble and patriotic achievement and we have nothing but the most heartfelt felicitations for Senators La Follette and Wheeler. Against incredible odds they took their cause to the people. It gained steadily and what they accomplished will endure to their lasting renown. It will not be their fault if their clean and high-minded and unselfish appeals to the electorate do not result in the organization of a third party. To our minds, with the incomplete returns before us as we go to press, the results show so widespread a desire for a new deal that we believe no time should be lost in organizing on a permanent basis. Certainly we do not see how Mr. La Follette and Mr. Wheeler can continue to function in their former parties, and the millions who followed them have a right to demand that their independent leadership continue.

No, for us this hour brings no discouragement, and much cheer, side by side with inevitable regrets. No realist believed that the third ticket would win; it would probably have been in some respects a misfortune if it had, for its very newness would have made the control of the government vastly difficult. The British Labor Party did not consider itself equipped to take over the Imperial Government last January—yet it is years and years ahead of our labor movement in ability, integrity, and clear-cut constructive program. A truly great labor party in this country can only be built up by years of travail and by agreement upon certain definite aims as to which many of the leaders are as yet in the kindergarten stage. We cannot deny our disappointment that labor, which first talked of a million-dollar fund, appears to have given less than $100,000; that in a city like Philadelphia only 34,000 working men and women voted for Mr. La Follette. Loyalty to the cause was not always observable, which is hardly surprising when one thinks for how many years so-called labor leaders have taken Republican and Democratic money or jobs. Only a magician's wand could alter these conditions in the twinkling of an eye.

As for President Coolidge, we do not alter or abate our opinion of him one jot or tittle. We are still of the opinion we expressed when he took office—that with him the Presidency stands low indeed. To us he remains a myth. We still believe him to be lacking in the ability, in the finer sense of honesty the American people have a right to demand of their Chief Executive. And we are clear in our minds that Charles G. Dawes is morally unfit for the high office to which he is elected; his campaign verged on blackguardism. We are, however, not at all sure that four years more of the crass materialism now enthroned in Washington, of the soulless Republican exploitation of the people for the benefit of the rich and privileged, of the licensing of corruptionists to proceed if only they do not get caught, and of the loosing of our financial imperialism upon the world will not bring about an early reaction and a bitter awakening for the masses. We do not—we cannot lose heart; we can only see the need for greater and greater efforts, for persistent, continued, and devoted patriotic service to the end that all the people shall see where lies salvation and where is the high road to American ideals.

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England's Choice

ENGLAND has voted the Tories back into power. She did not reject Labor; she rejected the Liberals whose tacit support of Labor had kept it in office. Labor gained; but the Tories, who were the strongest single party before the election, emerged stronger still, while the Liberals suffered collapse.

In Parliament the Tories have an overwhelming majority; but in the country they are still a minority party. Advocates of proportional representation will find plenty of fuel for argument in the contrast of these figures: The Tories elected more than two-thirds of the members of the new House, but only 47 per cent of the voters cast Tory ballots. The Liberals are reduced to 36 votes, about 6 per cent of the whole; but 18 per cent of the people voted for them (as compared with 30 per cent a year ago). Labor lost forty seats in the Commons, but a million more people voted Labor than did so last time—35 per cent of the total number of voters, as compared with 31 per cent in 1923. The election was not, then, a defeat for Labor, but it turned the minority Labor Government out of power.

Probably the Tories would have gained in any case, but they gained unfairly by a dastardly last-minute trap into which Ramsay MacDonald fell. The Zinoviev letter, apparently forged, calling upon the British Communists to prepare for armed insurrection, was thrown into the campaign at the last minute. A Tory newspaper had the letter before the Government had it; and fearing the possible effect of its exposure MacDonald permitted the Foreign Office to denounce it without waiting for its authenticity to be proved. Its genuineness was still in doubt when the ballots were cast. Undoubtedly it aided the bolshevik scare which was the great Tory campaign argument. If it was genuine, MacDonald's Russian policy was obviously wrong—he had pledged government support to a Russian loan. If it was false he had blundered egregiously. In neither case could he make a brave appearance to the voters. As it turns out, it was almost certainly false; and the people of England must feel that they have been tricked by a lie.

Without that trick, however, a Tory Government, perhaps aided by the Lloyd-George Liberals, had seemed likely. The nine months of the Labor Government had done much to crystallize party lines in England. The Liberal Party was left without a program or an issue, and the voters naturally tended to one or the other of the two parties which plainly knew where they stood. In England, even more than here, there are essentially two parties—one conservative, one progressive; and the British Liberals had ceased to stand clearly for progress. It was impossible that they should continue to keep Labor in power without becoming merged with Labor; and the election proved, as expected, that while Labor's constituency is growing the bulk of England still prefers Tories to Laborites.

What will the Tories do, now that they have a clean majority of 200 in Parliament? It is possible that there will be little change. Tradition is strong in England; governments bow to its will regardless of their party labels. It is doubtful if the Tories will dare go far toward restoring the tariff system which was so violently repudiated a year ago. They will hardly think seriously of restoring the veto power of the House of Lords. MacDonald, in his short term of office, left scant impress upon the educational policy of the country; and the civil servants of the Foreign Office carried on the imperial tradition much as before. The Tories may, of course, resuscitate the plans for an enormous naval base at Singapore; and they may further exacerbate imperial relations by a deliberate policy of no compromise in Egypt and in India. They have the power to do great harm in Ireland. MacDonald's greatest achievement was the restoration of cordial relations with France and the promotion of Franco-German peace; that was, however, not so much a matter of party principle as of personal spirit. Certainly the Dawes plan was no ideal Labor program, and the Tories will hardly seek to undo it. They should be able, now that he has made the way easy, to carry to fruition what MacDonald began. *The Nation* regards the Tory victory as a loss for England; but Mr. Baldwin, if dull, is no jingo. If the Tories have the wisdom to stick to him and do not let their wild men, the die-hards and the Churchills, control party policy Tory rule will be no tragedy.

For five years, barring accidents, the Tories will rule England. Those may be very fruitful years for England and for the Labor Party. Labor grew strong in opposition; it proved its mettle in the seat of power, and returns to its habitual role of opposition strengthened and tempered. If for five years it can continue to develop its resources of leadership and increase its popular prestige as it has done in the five years since the peace was signed, it may return to power a majority party, and so able a group as to revive the world's waning faith in political democracy.

Breaking Ranks

ACCORDING to a gloomy friend the doctrine of free speech is doomed to a speedy repudiation. Born of democratic enthusiasm, it is the direct opposite of what nearly all organized bodies have professed, and even the lip-service which most moderns pay it is speedily to pass. Already it has become, he points out, a mere formula and the attacks made upon it by the politicians on the one side and the moralists on the other are destined to success because almost no one in his heart really believes it sound. Gradually, he says, the meaning of "disloyalty" will be extended until it covers every unorthodox utterance concerning society, and the various moral censorships will extend themselves until the official *imprimatur* is attached to every book which issues from the press. The Justice Fords will make common cause with the Admiral Plunketts when they see clearly that their individual objections to "immorality" on the one hand, and to *lèse majesté*, on the other, rest upon the common assumption that there is one standard opinion to be accepted by all.

Having realized that, they will accept the Bryans as comrades because, whatever their private opinion on the subject of evolution, they will understand his acceptance of their common doctrine. Against the united front of the millions who hold that in one particular or another freedom of expression should be limited the scattered few who hold no single opinion which they would back by law will be powerless. The official newspaper, the sound thesis, the clean book, and the municipal radio will reign supreme. Every citizen will be ignorant that dissent even exists and some new Saint Thomas Aquinas will fix in some greater Summa the answer to every question which man can propound.

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None can deny the facts with which our acquaintance justifies his gloom. Never during the hundred years just past has the right of dissent been attacked in America from so many different quarters as in our decade; never have suppressions figured so frequently in the news of the day or been accepted so complacently. A book disappears from the shelves of the public library, a theatrical manager modifies or withdraws a play, and the process of censorship comes to be, by mere repetition, accepted as a normal process. But though these facts may not be questioned the interpretation put upon them may be. If suppression is common, so, by the same token, are the things which the orthodox feel called upon to suppress. If throughout the nineteenth century the theater in America escaped the official censor his absence was in part due to the fact that only safe plays were written and if no "clean-book bill" passed even a State legislature it may have been because no accepted author was ever minded to write a book which the most prurient could consider "unclean." Where rebels are being suppressed the spirit of rebellion must be abroad, and, similarly, every "radical" arrested gives proof that a "radical" exists.

In truth the battle is not yet won, but tolerance is being submitted to its severest test, because never before was the conservative called upon to tolerate so much. The solid ranks of safe respectability are breaking all along the line and accordingly the drill-masters are attempting to enforce more strictly their wavering discipline. Mustachioed generals and timid clerical corporals shout their frantic orders, but the individual stands doubtful whether he should listen or no. The ideal of regimentation and the ideal of freedom are struggling for mastery, but, the arguments of our gloomy acquaintance notwithstanding, the battle still hangs in the balance.

Anatole France Again

IT was Anatole France himself who said that "A beautiful verse is like a violin bow drawn across the resonant fibers of our souls. It is not his own thoughts but ours that the Poet sets singing within us. When he tells us of a woman he loves it is our own loves and griefs he awakens entrancingly in our souls." Anatole France always despised attempts at objective criticism. "We have in us, every one of us," he said, "a copy of each of our poets which no man knows and which will perish utterly and forever with all its variants when we shall cease to feel and know. And do you suppose we should love our lyric bards so fondly if they spoke to us of aught but our own selves?"

It would seem natural to Anatole France that the criticism poured forth upon his death should betray rather the idiosyncracies of his critics than the master himself. Anatole France "despised men tenderly," like his Abbe Jerome Coignard, and he would have smiled tenderly enough at the caricatures of himself which formed in his readers' minds. Here is an American critic who imagines Anatole France laughing aloud at his own penguins, as any American would. Here is Henry W. Nevinson, English to the last, picturing Anatole France "setting out at daybreak in the sweet air of the Somme or the Loire with fishing rod and wicker basket, from which the neck of a wine-bottle wrapped in a napkin emerged, laid beside a foot or two of bread and scraps of veal pinned on a wooden skewer . . . sitting beside the quietly running water all day, to return contentedly at sunset with the basket empty as the bottle." Here is Clive Bell reporting that "he looked like a sixteenth-century scholar, smiled like a Chinese sage, and talked like one of his own books," and that his conversation was "perfect"; and here is Theodor Wolff noting that he lacked the French gift of conversation. And finally, here is Stuart P. Sherman, deeply concerned with the problem of France's effect upon the morals of American youth.

Mr. Sherman, in whom a purposeful Puritanism still struggles, cannot believe that Anatole France's "conquest of Puritan Christendom" can be explained by "his sense of pity, pathos, and futility." These all are too negative, he thinks; and "the leader of a revolution must be a positively seductive person." Some of Anatole France's seduction, he finds, lies in his clear and musical style, and some in the richness and variousness of his culture; these, however, are hardly adequate to explain his fascination. Mr. Sherman's third explanation is "the seduction of his point of view, which is that of an immensely sophisticated loiterer in the garden of Epicurus. . . . believing that if paradise is to be regained it will be by yielding to temptation and avoiding satiety only in order to preserve desire." Mr. Sherman obviously shudders at this, as he calls it, disintegrating point of view, but he is as obviously fascinated by it. Perhaps the youth who are turning to Anatole France would say somewhat the same thing in another way. There is something exciting in the boldness of Anatole France's mind. It cuts clear; it accepts nothing on faith; it has no hidden reverences; it can smile even at what it loves most. It rejects only after the test of experience. Some of Bertrand Russell's earlier writing communicates the same zest of adventure in intelligence. Possibly there is a seduction, to a generation which has lost faith in its old gods and codes, in mere intelligence. Possibly the war, forcing so many to think who never thought before, coercing unwilling minds to endure the miseries of disillusionment, has also developed a taste for the exercise of intelligence which a Puritan age stifled. And intelligence is close kin to a "sense of pity, pathos, and" at least a willingness to accept "futility."

Our pity has been "choked with custom of fell deeds." Anatole France penetrated behind the custom. The shams of the day, consecrated by venerable age, never deceived him. He had the uncanny gift of looking at old institutions through eyes which combined the fresh simplicity of Riquet, M. Bergeret's dog, or of Crainquebille the pushcart vendor, with the mellow culture of the centuries. The result is sometimes catastrophic to old standards and idols. But is it a sign of moral disintegration, or of mental toughness, that a new generation is able to delight with Henry Nevinson in such a passage as this?

> "Do you see, my son," exclaimed the holy Mael, "that madman who with his teeth is biting the nose of the adversary he has overthrown, and that other one who is pounding a woman's head with a huge stone?"
>
> "I see them," said Bulloch. "They are creating law; they are founding property; they are establishing the principles of civilization, the basis of society, and the foundations of the state."
>
> "How is that?" asked old Mael.
>
> "By setting bounds to their fields. That is the origin of all government. Your penguins, O Master, are performing the most august of functions. Throughout the ages their work will be consecrated by lawyers, and magistrates will confirm it."

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Patriotism That Pays

By WILL IRWIN

PROBABLY the readers of this periodical understand the true inspiration of anti-Bolshevik propaganda in America and the uses of its by-products. I merely summarize here. When the war was over certain powerful and well-supported societies which had engaged in whipping up "national resistance" found their occupation gone. Happily for them and their professional secretaries, bolshevism had broken loose in Russia. Denunciation of bolshevism, exaggeration of our own imminent peril, appealed strongly to the timid old ladies and gentlemen whose funds had supported these organizations. And the pack was off, on the trail of the Reds. They had difficulty in scratching up enough actual American Communists and Bolsheviki to make a respectable straw man. But by patching out the list with all persons holding views which differed from those of Henry Cabot Lodge, these societies made a splendid showing of national peril. Mr. Ralph Easley of the National Civic Federation repeated that bolshevism, anarchism, socialism, pacifism, the British Labor Party, and so-called liberalism were the same thing, until even he grew weary. This process had splendid practical uses, at first almost unperceived. By tagging all forward-looking opinions and movements with the Red label you discredited them in a body. It seemed a sharp weapon to fight strikes, the closed shop, municipal ownership, the child-labor amendment, and all such "unconstitutional" frills. Before this campaign was over, pillars of the stock exchange together with uninstructed and impressionable citizens of the back country believed in their souls that all these fancy ideas had their origin in the brain of Trotzky.

Then Brigadier-General Fries of the Chemical Warfare Service put a cap-stone to this structure, and opened up new vistas for the professional patriot. In Washington Fries is known as the Junker of the Army. Long ago he had proved to the satisfaction of all stockholders in chemical companies that poison-gas warfare is humane, beneficent! "Little jail breaks, little strikes, and little lynchings, in themselves, are of little importance," he wrote once, "but if back of the United States Government there is not sufficient force to quell these little disturbances we might get a conflict of internal war that would overturn the government." His inclusion of jailbreaks, strikes, and lynchings in the same category illuminates the profound clarity of the gallant general's social views. And speaking one day at a public luncheon, General Fries revealed a startling fact. He had it on incontrovertible proof—the word of a woman in California—that the National Council for Prevention of War was financed, inspired, directed, from Moscow.

This organization is a kind of holding company for all peace societies in the United States. Among its vice-chairmen were at the time President Lowell of Harvard University, President Hibben of Princeton, and William Allen White. Mrs. Gifford Pinchot, wife of the Governor of Pennsylvania, served on the Executive Committee. Startling charges these! Yet upon any timid person who had kept up with the literature of his favorite anti-Bolshevik society burst a great light. Had not the presidents of Harvard and Princeton permitted Reds, advocating or expounding such dangerous measures as municipal ownership and the British Labor Party, to address the students? Had not William Allen White shown a complaisant interest in the scheme of that invidious Pink, Woodrow Wilson, to barter away our national sovereignty at Paris? As for Gifford Pinchot, some of his political vagaries and assaults on property—such as his socialistic conservation policy, foiled before it was too late by the right-minded Secretary Fall—now stood explained. For years he had been listening to the counsels of a Bolshevik wife! Unhappily for this campaign, certain persons of high station saw Secretary of War Weeks about the matter, and the Secretary somewhat reluctantly silenced General Fries. Silenced him officially, that is. He may no longer bawl his opinions from the front door, but he may, as will presently appear, whisper them out of the window.

Here was new and magnificent bunk to put new pep into the campaign! Long before this the professional secretaries of these societies had educated most of their members to believe that pacifism—which means in their language any doctrine looking toward the possible abolition of war—is exactly the same thing as bolshevism. General Fries gave these opinions a kind of official approval. The pack was off again, on the trail of the Red pacifists.

None pursued more valiantly than the American Defense Society; its four years of running down industrial Bolshevists was but training for this more congenial task. This society and its soul-mate, the National Security League, sprang into existence during the preparedness agitation which preceded our entry into the war. After we entered, they served as scourges to lash up the war spirit and as centers of volunteer spy-hunting. Both, sharp on the armistice, overhauled plants which had been making sausage of pacifists, pro-Germans, and conscientious objectors, to make mince-meat out of Reds and Pinks. The Security League, very active in 1919-1920, has seemed of late rather lax toward its duties.

But the American Defense Society has been on the job night and day, unrelenting in its pursuit, sleepless in its vigilance. While in circular letters it offers to make itself for a fee of five dollars a year the agent of the private citizen in the fight against bolshevism and Red radicalism, its real backer and angel is Elon H. Hooker, the multimillionaire who recently entered the Muscle Shoals bidding against Henry Ford. Mr. Hooker is one of our greatest chemical manufacturers; and a strong army, adequate to defend our institutions from external and internal enemies, will need a great deal of poison gas. He, however, merely gives his benediction, his name, and his money; for three years ago he made a great discovery. One day the late R. M. Whitney, a newspaper man, got access to William J. Burns's "Red file" in the Department of Justice. I have reason to believe that this file is more than a trifle inaccurate. It is a "privileged" record, not supposed to stand the merciless light of publicity. Perhaps, therefore, Mr. Burns's flatfeet may be pardoned if, knowing on which side their bread was buttered, they touched things up a bit. From this and other similar sources Mr. Whitney wrote his masterpiece, "The

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Reds in America." The Boston *Transcript* performed its first sensational act in a century of conservative respectability by publishing this work in full. In the Back Bay and Beacon Hill regions it scored a mad, riotous success. It had all the thrills of an old-fashioned dime novel; and much of a dime novel's literary style. The Back Bay trembled as it read, fascinated. And in this work Mr. Whitney showed himself a pioneer of thought. Long before General Fries he "discovered" the "sinister connection between Russian bolshevism and American pacifism." Americans agitating for universal peace, he declared again and again, were only playing into the hands of Moscow—breaking down our national resistance against Red conquest. Mr. Hooker reads the *Transcript*. He was delighted, transported. He caused "The Reds in America" to be printed as a pamphlet; and its author got a permanent job at once as leader in the American Defense Society's White Crusade.

"The radicals, it was learned," said Mr. Whitney in one of his pamphlets, ". . . working through pacifist and religious organizations and backed by an adequate radical fund, were desperately trying to cut down military preparedness to a point where no opposition could be offered the Reds when the time came for their armed revolution against the United States." That is the text for Mr. Whitney's subsequent activities.

Of course, this campaign had its sympathizers in the Government; now and then Mr. Whitney got more than passive support from the constituted authorities. I have mentioned his access to the "Red file" in the Department of Justice under the Daugherty-Burns regime. Last year, it would seem, the War Department helped a bit.

Paxton Hibben, captain in the U. S. Reserves, conducted during the Russian famine a relief organization in rivalry with that of Secretary Hoover and somewhat more closely allied to the Soviet Government. Also, he has urged resumption of trade relations with Moscow. "The Reds in America," as published by Mr. Whitney in the Boston *Transcript*, attacked him with special energy and virulence. Hibben sued the *Transcript* for libel. Shortly after that Secretary of War Weeks haled him before a board of reserve officers with a view to canceling his commission. "Captain Hibben has been charged with holding beliefs favorable to the enemies of the United States Government," said the Secretary in a statement to the press; ". . . . these charges are to the effect that while serving in the Russian relief he had expressed himself in terms friendly to the Soviet Government as interpreted by the State Department." While we do not recognize Russia, we certainly are not at war with her; but in his phrase "enemies of the United States Government," Secretary Weeks seems to have declared hostilities on his own account. In the course of the trial, a curious fact appeared. The Intelligence Department folder on Captain Hibben and the statements in the *Transcript* were almost identical in content—"even to two purely imaginary points," writes the captain.

The notion that all peace movements in the United States were a conscious part of the Moscow plot seemed ridiculous enough when General Fries first broached it. Those newspapers which noticed his statement at all merely scoffed and gibed. But reiteration is the soul of successful advertising. By harping on this string, Mr. Whitney and his associates cast discredit here and there on the peace sentiment of the country. They had long viewed with alarm the spread of "pacifist foolishness" among our women. For example the League of Women Voters, with an exceptionally intelligent membership of two million, had made world peace and international cooperation the livest issue on their program. Scenting danger, Mr. Whitney swung into action with a pamphlet on "pacifist" women. Among six million or more, he discovered about fifty with a background which could fairly be called "radical"—as the American Defence Society defines radicalism. At about this same period, the militarists among our army officers broke loose again from the tolerant control of Secretary Weeks. Brigadier-General A. J. Bowley, addressing the Columbus, Ohio, Chamber of Commerce, exposed the details of the "bolshevist plot" against our national security. First asking the reporters to keep his remarks out of print, he averred solemnly that Frederick J. Libby, secretary of the National Council for Prevention of War, had been educated by Bolsheviki in Moscow for the purpose of leading the social revolution in America, that he had taught communism in a Pennsylvania college, that his every move was directed from the Third International. Warming up to his subject, the General alleged that S. E. Nicholson, Mr. Libby's friend and close associate in peace work, figured as sub-villain in the plot. Mr. Libby and Mr. Nicholson, he informed Columbus, took turn and turn about in Washington and Moscow, the one getting instructions from the Soviets and the other putting them into operation. And the worst of it is that the general seemed to believe what he said.

Now as a matter of cold truth, Mr. Libby holds no strong political views except his overwhelming conviction that war should be abolished by international agreement. Certainly he is not a Communist—not the "reddest of the Reds," as General Bowley called him. And he was never in Russia in his life. At about the period of General Bowley's address, Mr. Nicholson was just visiting Moscow for the first time—as head of a Quaker reconstruction unit. A hide-bound, hard-shell Indiana Republican, the close political friend of Senator Jim Watson, he testifies with pride that he has never even scratched the party ticket except on the liquor issue. But misstatement of this kind always has its temporary effect; members of the League of Women Voters say that the general made many converts in Columbus.

Secretly, the Gas Warfare Service had already wriggled back into the game. The agent, this time, was not General Fries, but his librarian, Miss Lucia B. Maxwell. At some time in 1923, she compiled a sort of patriotic poster—a curious document, difficult of description and impossible of reproduction. In the circles which she and Mr. Whitney frequent, it is called "The Spider Web Chart." At its top shines the legend, "The Socialist and Pacifist Movement in America is an absolutely Fundamental and Integral Part of International socialism; (Lusk report, page 11)." Down its center, in neat typewritten boxes, runs a list of women's societies active in the cause of peace, including the Y. W. C. A., the W. C. T. U., and the National Council of Jewish Women. In corresponding boxes on both sides stretch the names of twenty-one American women suspected of radicalism in its various degrees, together with their "records." The name of each woman in the list, and the name of that society which she is "tainting," are joined by a straight line. Similar lines run from the societies to the head of the chart where like accusing fingers they point at two names—Frederick J. Libby, mentioned before, and Mrs. Maud Wood Park, chairman of the League of Women

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Voters. They—it is made graphically to appear—are head and front of the "socialist-pacifist plot." I have shown already where Mr. Libby stands. To anyone who knows Mrs. Park, the accusation of Red radicalism is just funny.

In the lower right-hand corner of the chart runs a rhyme of Miss Maxwell, distinguished alike by its political profundity, its haunting meter, and its original grammar:

> Miss Bolshevik has come to town,
> With a Russian cap and a German gown,
> In *women's* clubs she's sure to be found,
> For she's come to *disarm* AMERICA.
>
> She sits in judgment on Capitol Hill,
> And watches the *appropriation bill*
> And without her O. K. it passes—NIL
> For she's here to *disarm* AMERICA.
>
> She uses the movie and lyceum, too,
> And alters text-books to suit her view,
> She prates propaganda from pulpit and pew,
> For she's bound to *disarm* AMERICA.
>
> The male of the specie has a different plan.
> He uses the bomb and the fire brand,
> And incites class hatred whenever he can
> While she's busy *disarming* AMERICA.
>
> His special stunt is arousing the mob,
> To expropriate and hate and kill and rob
> While she's working on her *political job*—
> AWAKE! AROUSE!! AMERICA!!

This document, apparently, was never intended for general circulation. But reproduced in photostat, its admirers placed it where it might do the most good. When President Harding died in San Francisco, a copy lay among the papers on his desk, awaiting his return from the West. Among the builders of the Bolshevik straw-man, it created a furore. That odd group of reactionaries centering round the *Woman Patriot*, journalistic ghost of the old anti-suffrage cause, threw transports of joy. Mr. Whitney started an agitation to get Miss Maxwell the Distinguished Service Medal. Attorney-General Daugherty remarked that he did not know how he could do his work of running down Red Radicals without Miss Maxwell's valuable assistance.

To show the spirit in which Miss Maxwell did her work, let me cite my own family record in the Spider Web Chart. Toward the lower right hand corner Miss Maxwell polishes off my wife as follows:

> Inez Haynes Irwin (wife of Will Irwin) member International League for Peace and Freedom, member I. W. W. Defense Committee, made an appeal for funds for the I. W. W. Defense (see Lusk report). Member National Woman's Party. (Will Irwin was the Socialist candidate recently defeated in California.)

Now to be very charitable, these statements are mainly—mistakes. My wife does belong, though inactively, to the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. She has been active in the Woman's Party—though what this organization has to do with the case does not appear. She has never been a member of the I. W. W. Defense Committee. To the best of her memory, she has never appealed for funds for the I. W. W. defense. In 1918, certain I. W. W. were arrested in Chicago as draft obstructors and were being put through the mill—not, everyone knew, because they hampered the war as charged, but just because they held radical opinions. Thereupon, my wife, who had been doing rather more than most American women to help win the war, signed a manifesto asking that these men be given a fair trial. Perhaps asking a fair trial for people accused of political offenses has become in these later days un-American. At any rate, she was placed on the Tory blacklist; parrot-like the builders of the Bolshevik straw-man have passed on from list to list, from manifesto to manifesto, the charge that she is an active and Dangerous Red Radical. Whereas, she is just a writing woman, interested relatively little in politics and very much in her job of creating fiction. As for me—I have never belonged to the Socialist Party. I have never run for office. I have not lived in California for twenty years. I should have voted for Wilson in 1916 had I not been at the British front; and I came out for Davis this year. However, this ingenious invention appears not only in the Spider Web Chart but in one of Mr. Whitney's pamphlets. In my case, the explanation is easy. I am a vice-chairman of the National Council for Prevention of War.

I have in my possession letters from eleven of the women listed in the Spider Web Chart. All but one call attention to some glaring inaccuracy of the same kind. And the wise political discrimination which infuses the whole document may be judged by a passage in the "record" of Mrs. Raymond Robins: "led a Red Demonstration May 20, 1907, consisting of 3,700 cheering, boisterous Socialists, anarchists, trade unionists, members of liberal societies, etc., in Chicago. . . ." There you are again; trades unionism and liberalism all part of the hellish socialist-pacifist plot. Also the Spider Web Chart, in common with much other militarist literature, makes much of the "slacker's oath" proposed at a convention of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. This pledged the members never in any way to engage in war or to assist war even by relief work. But the Spider Web Chart fails to mention that the motion to adopt the "slacker's oath" was defeated by an overwhelming majority.

Then some outsider secured a copy of the Spider Web Chart, and hawked it to the press. With its talent for getting off on the wrong foot politically, Henry Ford's Dearborn *Independent* published the interesting document virtually in full. Shortly afterward, the League of Women Voters, meeting in convention at Buffalo, took official cognizance of this attack on Mrs. Park, their active leader. Just in time to prevent a storm, the Secretary of War burst into action. On behalf of the department he repudiated the Spider Web Chart as full of "glaring misstatements"; ordered General Fries to destroy all copies in possession of his office and to call in for destruction all outstanding copies. However, it had probably done its little work. The builders of the Bolshevik straw-man have carried its misstatements and insinuations to every corner of the country. The copy of the Dearborn *Independent* was scarcely off the press before a manufacturers' association in Kentucky, engaged in fighting unions and the child-labor amendment, had reprinted its version of the Spider Web Chart as a pamphlet. And I can personally testify to the time I wasted during the subsequent few weeks in answering letters which asked me if the charge against me could possibly, possibly be true.

Yes, the Bolshevik scare, worked up by so much honest industry and creative imagination, is paying magnificently.

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The Better America Federation of Los Angeles, whose chief object is to put I. W. W. in jail, defeat progressive legislation and maintain the open shop, uses it every day. Abolition of child labor, compulsory education up to the sixteenth year, the eight-hour day, the forty-hour week, prohibition of night work for women and children, minimum wage, the right of labor to organize, the initiative and referendum—all these measures, according to the Better America Federation, are entering wedges for bolshevism. One of its staff-orators goes round telling women's clubs that she who reads the books of H. G. Wells, Sinclair Lewis, and James Harvey Robinson, or attends certain plays by Bernard Shaw, Eugene O'Neill, and Channing Pollock, more menaces society than he who preaches out-and-out socialism from a soap-box. The official organ of the Republican National Committee roared weekly, even to the moment of its untimely death, the charge that those senators who started the Teapot Dome investigation and ejected Secretary Fall got their instructions straight from Moscow. Ex-Attorney General Daugherty, sharp on his involuntary resignation, took the platform to prove that Moscow did it; that the assault on his just and honest administration was a first step toward the social revolution. Jim Curley, running on the Democratic ticket for Governor of Massachusetts, had indorsed the child-labor amendment. Suddenly the Roman Catholic church of Massachusetts came out strongly against the measure. With the church against it the Democracy of the Bay State is lost. Curley had to duck into some hole. He picked the anti-Bolshevik dugout. "It has been brought to my attention," he announced officially, "that this amendment was conceived in Moscow."

It all seems a little futile to me. But I bow to expert knowledge; the piece must draw, or such skilled showmen would have taken it off long ago. Perhaps this late, hysterical activity in laying to Bolshevik Moscow all the ills that afflict political or financial privilege is a case of cashing in before the game closes down. For Russia is settling back from her Bolshevik jag to a more or less orderly socialized republic. She is resuming production, preparing to develop enormous resources. Soon we shall have to trade with her or pay the penalty in loss of foreign commerce. By that time, certain gentlemen now most afraid of bolshevism will find it convenient to alter their views. And it will not be diplomatic to cast aspersions on Russia's past.

Meantime, what is an American Bolshevik? From the clear wisdom of childhood comes the answer. Gifford Pinchot's son, aged eight, quarreled with a little girl. "She's a Bolshevik!" he told his mother. "Why do you call her that?" asked Mrs. Pinchot. "Because I don't like her," replied Pinchot, Jr.

New Morals for Old
Men Who Understand Women

By FLORENCE GUY SEABURY

IF Clarissa Harlowe could have stepped out of her pre-Victorian world to witness some of the women stevedores and "longshoremen" now at work along the New York water front she would certainly have fainted so abruptly that no masculine aid could have restored consciousness. If we can believe the 1920 census, a goodly number of Clarissa's timid and delicate sex are toiling gloriously in the most dangerous and violent occupations. Nor are they only engaged in handling steel beams and freight, running trucks and donkey engines, but as miners and steeplejacks, aviators and divers, sheriffs and explorers—everything, in fact, that man ever did or thought of doing. They have proved, moreover, as successful in such a new occupation as capturing jungle tigers as in the old one of hunting husbands, as deft in managing big business as in running a little household.

But the census bureau, compiling all the facts of feminine industry, forgot to note that woman might perform these amazingly varied operations, outside the home, without changing in any measurable degree the rooted conception of her nature and activities. She may step out of skirts into knickers, cut her hair in a dozen short shapes, and even beat a man in a prize-fight, but old ideas as to her place and qualities endure. She changes nothing as set as the stereotyped image of her sex which has persisted since Eve.

The Inquiring Reporter of the New York *Sun* recently asked five persons whether they would prefer to be tried by a jury of men or women. "Of men," cried they all—two women and three men. "Women would be too likely to overlook the technical points of the law." "Women are too sentimental." "They are too easily swayed by an eloquent address." "Women are by nature sentimental." Almost anybody could complete the list. Ancient opinions of women's characteristics have been so widely advertised that the youngest child in the kindergarten can chirp the whole story. Billy, aged ten, hopes fervently that this country may never have a woman President. "Women haven't the brains—it's a man's job." A. S. M. Hutchinson, considerably older than Billy, has equally juvenile fears: that the new freedom for woman may endanger her functions in the home. Whatever and wherever the debate, the status and attributes of women are settled by neat and handy generalizations, passed down from father to son and mother to daughter. For, so far, most women accept the patterns made for them and are as likely as not to consider themselves the weaker vessel, the more emotional sex, a lay figure of biological utility.

Optimists are heralding a changed state in the relationship of men and women. They point to modern activities and interests as evidence of a different position in the world. They say that customs and traditions of past days are yielding to something freer and finer. The old order, as far as home life is concerned, has been turned topsy-turvy. Out of this chaos interpreters of the coming morality declare that already better and happier ways have been established between man and maid.

It sounds plausible enough, but the trouble remains that, so far, it isn't true. The intimate relationship of men and women is about as it was in the days of Cleopatra or Xanthippe. The most brawny stevedorette leaves her freight in the air when the whistle blows and rushes home

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to husband as if she were his most sheltered possession. Following the tradition of the centuries, the business woman, whose salary may double that of her mate, hands him her pay envelope and asks permission to buy a new hat. Busts and bustles are out, flat chests and orthopedic shoes are in, while the waist line moves steadily toward the thigh—but what of it? Actualities of present days leave the ancient fantasies unchanged.

Current patterns for women, as formulated by the man in the street, by the movies, in the women's clubs and lecture halls can be boiled down to one general cut. Whatever she actually is or does, in the stereotype she is a creature with only one function. The girl on the magazine cover is her symbol. She holds a mirror, a fan, a flower and—at Christmas—a baby. Without variety, activity, or individuality, her sugary smile pictures satisfying femininity. Men are allowed diversity. Some are libertines, others are husbands; a few are lawyers, many are clerks. They wear no insignia of masculinity or badge of paternity and they are never expected to live up to being Man or Mankind. But every woman has the whole weight of formulated Womanhood upon her shoulders. Even in new times she must carry forward the design of the ages.

One of the quaint hang-overs of the past is that men are the chief interpreters of even the modern woman. It may be that the conquest of varied fields and the strain of establishing the right to individuality has taken all her time and energy. Or it may be that the habit of vicarious expression has left her inarticulate. Whatever it is, in the voluminous literature of the changing order, from the earnest tracts on "How It Feels to Be a Woman" by a leading male educator to the tawdry and flippant syndicated views of W. L. George, masculine understanders take the lead. And the strange part of their interpretations is that they run true to ancient form. Old adages are put in a more racy vernacular, the X-ray is turned on with less delicacy, but when the froth of their engaging frankness disappears hoary old ideas remain thickly in the tumbler.

Take the intimate life story of a girl of the younger generation—Janet March—written by that good friend of women, Floyd Dell. The blurb on the jacket of the book announces that she moves toward "not a happy ending but an intelligent one." And the end? Janet finds her mate and the curtain falls to the soft music of maternity. "One has to risk something," Janet cries. "All my life I've wanted to *do* something with myself. Something exciting. And this is the one thing I can do. I can"—she hesitated. "I can create a breed of fierce and athletic girls, new artists, musicians, and singers."

As a conclusion this is acceptable to any one with a heart, but wherein is it intellectual and not happy? Queen Victoria, the Honorable Herbert Asquith, or the Reverend Lyman Abbott would be equally pleased by its one hundred per cent womanliness. And how does it differ from our cherished slogan "Woman's place is in the home"? Only in that Floyd Dell cuts Janet in a large, free-hand design. The advance pattern calls for a wealth of biological and gynecological explanation, pictures the girl as a healthy young animal who "smoked but drew the line on grounds of health at inhaling," and, following the fashion of peasants in foreign countries, consummated the marriage before it was celebrated. Yet Janet, who claimed her right to all experience and experiment, finally raises her banner on the ancient and familiar platform of fireside and nursery.

Despite its unquestionable orthodoxy, Janet March was retired from circulation. But no one has successfully dammed the flowing tide of W. L. George. He draws with somewhat futuristic effect, at times, but his conclusions are those of the old masters. "No woman," he enunciates authoritatively, "values her freedom until she is married and then she is proud to surrender it to the man she has won." Or take this: "All women are courtesans at heart, living only to please the other sex." Wherein does this differ from the sentiment of Alexander Pope, who, one hundred and fifty or more years before the birth of W. L. George, declared:

> Men, some to business, some to pleasures take,
> But every woman is at heart a rake.

H. L. Mencken, stirred by debates about the intelligence of woman and her newer activities, essayed "In Defense of Women," to put his old wine in a fancy bottle, but it was the same home brew. Generously conceding brains to women, he proves his point on the evidence that they are used to ensnare men, who, weak-minded and feeble in flight, are usually bowled over in the battle of wits. "Marriage," he says, "is the best career a woman can reasonably aspire to—and in the case of very many women the only one that actually offers a livelihood." . . . "A childless woman remains more than a little ridiculous and ill at ease." . . . "No sane woman has ever actually muffed a chance." . . . "The majority of inflammatory suffragettes of the sex-hygiene and birth-control species are simply those who have done their best to snare a man and failed."

In H. L. Mencken's favor is his absence of the usual gush about feminine beauty. He declares with refreshing honesty that in contrast to the female body a milk jug or even a cuspidor is a thing of intelligent and gratifying design. Of woman's superior mental ability he says: "A cave man is all muscle and mush. Without a woman to think for him, he is truly a lamentable spectacle, a baby with whiskers, a rabbit with the frame of an aurochs, a feeble and preposterous caricature of God." What a pity that women use all these advantages of superior mentality and ability only in the age-old game of man-hunting. But do they?

D. H. Lawrence shares this philosophy of the chief business of women, and he is much more gloomy about it. In fact, he is decidedly neurotic in his fear of the ultimate absorption of man. Woman he describes perpetually as a great, magnetic womb, fecund, powerful, drawing, engulfing. Man he sees as a pitiful, struggling creature, ultimately devoured by fierce maternal force. "You absorb, absorb," cries Paul to Miriam in "Sons and Lovers," "as if you must fill yourself up with love because you've got a shortage somewhere." The Lawrence model, madly, fiercely possessive, differs from older forms in the abundance of physiological and pathological trimming. His conclusion, as voiced again by Paul to Miriam, is: "A woman only works with part of herself; the real and vital part is covered up." And this hidden reality is her terrific, destructive, fervid determination to drown man in her embrace.

So it goes. To Floyd Dell woman is a Mother, to H. L. Mencken a Wife, to W. L. George a Courtesan, and to D. H. Lawrence a Matrix—always specialized to sex. There may be men who are able to think of woman apart from the pattern of female, but they are inarticulate. Most

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of them spend their lives associating with a symbol. The set pieces they call Mary, Martha, Elaine, or Marguerite may follow the standardized design of grandmother, mother, or aunt. Or, in more advanced circles, the pattern may call for bobbed hair, knickers, and cigarette case. Under any form of radicalism or conservatism the stereotype remains.

The old morality was built upon this body of folk-lore about women. Whether pictured as a chaste and beautiful angel, remote and untainted by life's realities, or more cynically regarded as a devil and the source of sin, the notion was always according to pattern. Naturally, the relationship of men and women has been built upon the design, and a great many of our social ideals and customs follow it. The angel concept led, of course, to the so-called double standard which provides for a class of Victorian dolls who personify goodness, while their sisters, the prostitutes, serve as sacrificial offerings to the wicked ways of men. The new morality, as yet rather nebulous and somewhat mythical, has fewer class distinctions. The angel picture, for instance, has had some rude blows. As portrayed by the vanguard of radicals and interpreters, however, the changing conventions have their roots in the old generalizations and fantasies.

Perhaps this is only to be expected, for the man or woman does not exist whose mind has not become so filled with accepted ideas of human beings and relationships before maturity, or even adolescence, that what is seen thereafter is chiefly a fog of creeds and patterns. If several hundred babies, children of good inherited backgrounds, could be brought up on an isolated island, without a taint of superimposed custom and never hearing generalizations about themselves, never having standardized characteristics laid heavily upon their shoulders, perhaps a different type of relationship founded upon actualities would be evolved. Without a mythology of attributes, based chiefly upon biological functions, real human beings might discover each other and create new and honest ways of comradeship and association. As it is today, we do not know what the pristine reactions of individuals, free from the modifications of stereotype, would be like.

It was the development of means by which beliefs could be separated from actual facts which brought modern science into being and freed the world from the quaint superstitions of the ages. Not until the nature of substance could be proved and classified in contrast with the mass of ignorant notions which clogged ancient thought was the amazing mechanical, economic, and scientific advance of the last century possible. The world of antiquity had standardized life and tied thought down to speculative creeds. Empirical science discarded all supposition and centered itself upon building up another picture—life as an examination of its actual nature proved it to be.

In the creating of a new order which will bring with it a different type of social and personal contact something similar must take place. For most of our ideas, even those classified as liberal and advanced, are built upon the reactions of an alleged, not an actual human being. Men have suffered from pattern-making, but never have they been burdened with the mass of generalizations that are heaped upon women from birth. Nobody knows what women are really like because our minds are so filled with the stereotype of Woman. And this picture, even in the interpretations of those who claim to understand the modern woman, is chiefly one of sex, not character. It is impossible to create a satisfying relationship between a red-blooded individual and a symbol. A changed morality cannot successfully emerge when half of those who participate are regarded not as people but functions. As long as women are pictured chiefly as wife, mother, courtesan, or what not—defining merely a relationship to men—nothing new or strange or interesting is likely to happen. The old order is safe.

Europe Moves Toward Peace

By ROBERT DELL

Geneva, October 2

THE fifth Assembly of the League of Nations has been quite unlike its predecessors and for the first time since the League was founded it is possible to hope that it may become a reality. For this is the first time that the League has made a serious attempt to do the principal work for which it was founded, namely, to take measures for the prevention of war. Ramsay MacDonald must in the first place have the credit of the change. His speech, so refreshingly undiplomatic, so different in its blunt frankness from the speeches to which we have been accustomed in past years, transformed the atmosphere of the Assembly. At previous Assemblies the English and French delegations concealed their differences in public and worked against each other in private.

If Ramsay MacDonald initiated the change, other men, when he had left Geneva, carried to fulfilment the work that he had indicated. Two reputations have been made at Geneva—those of the French Socialist delegate, Paul-Boncour, and of M. Politis, the Greek Minister in Paris. The Protocol was Paul-Boncour's idea and it was in great measure thanks to his tact, persuasiveness, and skill that it was successfully piloted through the committees. One knew him to be a man of ability, but he had not been suspected of the great qualities of statesmanship that he showed at Geneva. Paul-Boncour is a man whose career deserves watching. He is likely yet to hold high office in France. M. Politis was already known to students as an authority on international law, but Geneva made him known to the European public. His speech on the difficulty and inadequacy of economic "sanctions," which is believed to have converted Ramsay MacDonald to the view that some use of military force was necessary, was one of the most remarkable delivered during the Assembly.

Of course, what has been done at Geneva could not have been done without the change in French policy. As to the reality of that change even the most skeptical became convinced before the end of the Assembly. It is clear that the present French Government sincerely desires peace. It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than that between the attitude of Viviani at previous Assemblies and that of Paul-Boncour, and even of Briand, this year, to say nothing of Herriot himself. Moreover, the French Government has said quite definitely that it wants Germany in the League and is prepared to give her a permanent seat on the Council. It is now seen by the French in power that a political and economic understanding with Germany is necessary to France. An economic understanding is made necessary by the situation of Alsace-Lorraine, which needs German coke and German markets, and a

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political understanding is necessary to an economic one. It may yet be that Alsace-Lorraine, after having been for centuries a bone of contention between France and Germany, will become a bond of union between them.

The fifth Assembly has been an Assembly of one subject and has done one thing—the Geneva Protocol—but that one thing is incomparably more important than anything done at any previous Assembly. If it be ratified by all the Great Powers, including the United States, a long step will have been taken toward making war impossible and a great reduction of armaments made possible. The Protocol is very different from the Draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance which Ramsay MacDonald wisely rejected. It is widely different from any previous measure with the same purpose in that it includes compulsory arbitration for all international disputes. This in itself is an immense advance—an advance undreamed of even a year ago. The whole difficulty of determining the aggressor in a dispute disappears. The aggressor is the Power that has refused to go to arbitration or has disregarded an award. This principle, which was that of the American plan, was advocated years ago by Jaurès and has since been the official policy of the French Socialist Party. It is not surprising that when MacDonald proposed it at Geneva it was at once accepted by the French delegation.

The two chief objections urged against the Geneva Protocol are that it includes the use of armed force and that it interferes to some extent with national sovereignty. For my part I was as convinced by the speech of M. Politis as Ramsay MacDonald is believed to have been, and I am sure that the French are right in saying that the power of using armed force in the last resort against an "aggressor," as defined, is necessary. Nor do I understand the objection to it on the part of people ready to admit the use of economic "sanctions," including a naval blockade. If there is a ruthless and effective form of force, it is a naval blockade, as every German knows. Air raids are less merciless. Besides, the French are surely right in their view that, if all countries agree to the use of armed force, it will probably never be necessary. The threat will be enough, for what nation will dare to risk war with the whole civilized world? It is not true, by the way, that Lord Parmoor ever put the British navy at the disposal of the League of Nations, but the Protocol involves its use in certain circumstances and must involve it. In what circumstances, is a question depending on the degree of acceptance that the Protocol obtains. If the United States unhappily refuses to accept it, England will not pledge itself to any use of the British navy that would involve a conflict with America, perhaps over an alleged breach of the Monroe Doctrine. In such a case England might agree to the use of the navy only in Europe.

That the Geneva Protocol involves a certain limitation of national sovereignty is true, but peace is impossible without such limitation. As the Belgian Senator Lafontaine said at a previous Assembly of the League, national sovereignty means the right to make war, and it is just that right that the Protocol denies. Absolute national sovereignty is incompatible with permanent peace and we must choose between the two. How could we have social peace without limiting the sovereignty of the individual? The claim to absolute national sovereignty is in fact a claim on the part of a nation to do as it likes, regardless of the rights and liberties of other nations. Permanent peace involves a super-national authority of all the nations to which they must all submit so far as their international relations are concerned. There are even questions of internal politics that are not merely internal questions. Such are questions of immigration and of the rights of racial minorities subjected to a government of another race. I think that the authors of the Protocol were conscious of the danger that the Japanese amendment might prevent the United States from signing the Protocol, but they felt nevertheless that the amendment was justified.

One great danger there is—that the Protocol may tend to stereotype existing territorial arrangements in Europe, some of which are manifestly absurd and unjust. It is right to prevent their alteration by force, but there must be some means of revising treaties and frontiers. The Covenant of the League gives the Assembly the power to revise treaties but, so long as unanimity is necessary, that power will never be used. On this point the Protocol needs amendment. The German Government, in its reply about the Draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance, made the excellent suggestion that a special arbitration tribunal should be set up for this purpose. If and when the inhabitants of some particular territory show a desire to be transferred to another allegiance, there must be some tribunal to consider the question and, if necessary, hold a plebiscite in the territory concerned. The prevention of war cannot be allowed to become the permanent consecration of such injustices and absurdities as the Polish Corridor through Germany or the annexation of German South Tyrol to Italy.

Too much must not be expected from the disarmament conference. Total disarmament is not yet, and can come only naturally, when nations have become accustomed to settling their disputes by arbitration and feel themselves secure. Moreover, total national disarmament involves an international police force. The aim should be to reduce armaments to the minimum necessary to fulfil the obligations of the Protocol and, above all, to abolish conscription. Without the universal abolition of conscription any so-called reduction of armaments will be a farce. No country can have a larger army than one composed of the whole of its able-bodied male inhabitants. A great reduction of armaments would be an immense financial relief, although it would not in itself make war impossible. War will not become impossible until every nation recognizes that war is not to its real interest, just as normal individuals recognize that it is not to their real interest to take the law into their own hands. Such recognition would be aided by the removal of the economic causes of war, of which protectionism is the chief. Until all the markets of the world are opened to all nations by universal free trade, the competition for new markets must continue and bring about quarrels between nations. If the Geneva Protocol becomes a reality, and compulsory arbitration is universally accepted, it must lead to the recognition of that fact.

As regards the League of Nations, it still needs to become universal before it can be really effective. The absence of America, Germany, and Russia from the discussions of the Protocol has been a serious drawback. It seems likely that Germany will apply for admission to the League. If so, a special session of the Assembly will be held in December or January to consider the application, and Germany will be elected. There will probably also be an application from Turkey and it is not quite impossible that Russia, too, may decide to apply for membership.

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Countess Karolyi

By EMIL LENGYEL

COUNTESS MICHAEL KAROLYI, the former Countess Catherine Andrassy, is one of the strongest and most picturesque personalities the European upheaval has produced. The story of her metamorphosis from a feted beauty in pre-war Hungary to an exiled apostle of pacifism is crowded with romance.

While living in the castle of her step-father, Count Julius Andrassy, the Countess Catherine took part in the gay life of the high aristocracy. But even then, in a series of articles published in one of the London magazines, she drew a somber picture of the empty life which her friends were leading. Their favorite book was the Almanach de Gotha. Their minds were occupied with hunting parties, imperial receptions, and petty court intrigues.

The home of Count Julius Andrassy was a meeting place of those members of the Hungarian aristocracy who took an active part in politics. His father had been the most distinguished minister of foreign affairs Francis Joseph ever had, and at the Berlin Conference had so manipulated the European balance of power that Austria-Hungary won the permission of the great Powers in general and of Disraeli, the English prime minister, in particular, to occupy Bosnia-Herzegovina, a former Turkish vilayet, and thus obtained the privilege for Austria-Hungary of giving the world a pretext for plunging into war half a century later. Five decades after the signing of the Bosnia-Herzegovina pact the son of the "great" Andrassy, Count Julius Andrassy, the step-father of Countess Michael Karolyi, became the last foreign minister of the moribund Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. In the house of the Andrassys the countess, who was to become the wife of the first president of the Hungarian republic, imbibed that feudal spirit which the Andrassy family has preserved throughout the centuries in its medieval purity.

At the time of his marriage to the Countess Andrassy Count Karolyi was one of the most prominent of Hungary's aristocrats. He had immense landed properties scattered all over the country. The union of Hungary's richest young nobleman and most beautiful girl was a sensation throughout the country. Nobody would have dared to think at that time that ten years later these conspicuous members of Hungarian society would be driven out as "radicals" and "pacifists."

Before his marriage Count Karolyi had been a typical "dissolute youth" whose political career seemed to be predetermined not so much by his achievements as by the imperative necessity of giving high office to the bearer of a name which ranked so prominently in the Almanach de Gotha. After his marriage Count Karolyi became, suddenly, a profound student of sociology and one of the most serious-minded politicians of the monarchy. Then as the war progressed both he and his wife became ardent pacifists.

The conversion to pacifism of these two prominent aristocrats was an important event in the monarchy. In the whole territory of the Central Powers Count Karolyi and his wife were the only conspicuously placed members of the upper class who not only avowed their pacifist aims but actively carried on a crusade against the war. They were surrounded by a host of spies employed by the German and Austrian supreme army commands.

When at last the revolution and the end of the hostilities came Count Karolyi became the first president of the Hungarian republic. On the surface it seemed that this democratic state was firmly founded. The former rulers flocked to swear allegiance to the "People's Republic"; Joseph, the Hapsburg prince, was seen almost every day in the offices of the National Council assuring the leaders of the new Hungary that he would make every sacrifice in order to aid the cause of Hungarian democracy. Yet Count Karolyi and the other leaders of the new government had well-founded forebodings. The soldiers of the succession states continued to march against Hungary. Their politicians would not heed the assurances of the Hungarian revolutionary leaders that democratic Hungary would not follow in the footsteps of the old reactionary regime which had deprived the nationalities of their most elementary civic rights. Meanwhile reaction was rapidly and quietly preparing to punish the champions of Hungarian democracy who, so they charged, had permitted the enemy to invade their country. The oath of allegiance of Joseph the Hapsburg did not mislead Count Karolyi and his supporters. After a brief, tragic struggle to maintain their young democracy they gave up and the Bolshevists took over the Government. The Count and Countess went into exile and when the Soviet regime was replaced by the white terror Count Karolyi was officially declared a traitor.

Thus, Count and Countess Karolyi, penniless and exiled from their own country, wandered about the countries of Europe and looked for a place where they could settle down. In his memoirs Count Karolyi says that but for his wife he could not have survived the trials of the last years. Down in Dalmatia, where they took refuge, the countess operated a small ferryboat to supply a bare living. Even in London, where they have been living, their condition has not improved materially.

In Hungary, where the reactionary enemies of the Karolyis are still in power, a well-organized campaign of slander, financed by the government, was recently undertaken against Countess Catherine. A reactionary member of the Hungarian Parliament "discovered" the alleged diary of the Countess. It was given wide publicity, although it developed subsequently that its entries were copied from an obscene novel. Fortunately this maneuver had the opposite effect from the one intended. A spontaneous popular demonstration took place in behalf of Countess Karolyi, and six workers of the Debreczen tobacco factory, poor girls themselves, retained a lawyer to vindicate her honor and to prove that the alleged diary had been forged. It was proved, and the six tobacco workers were swamped with presents from anonymous donors all over Hungary.

Countess Karolyi has come to America with a message of peace, but the Hungarian Government is quite naturally afraid to have her story heard. They succeeded at first in inducing America's consular representative in London to refuse her a visa. The consul was made to believe that she intended to propagate "bolshevism" in the United States. Finally Countess Karolyi's American friends intervened and the visa was granted. Even the more recent efforts of Mr. S. Stanwood Menken and his National Security League to have her deported as a Red upon her arrival in New York have been laughed into thin air. America is ready to hear the message of this countess who is also a pacifist and a democrat.

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Carnegie Branch

The Point of the Election

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

THESE words are written before the election. One thing, though, is sure—one supreme thing. The point of this election will be in the vote for La Follette in the industrial region between Chicago and Boston. That is the only new point. Or, to put it more accurately, it is the only new point in the contribution made by this election to the history of radical departures in America. Never before has the eastern industrial region given any notable support to a western agrarian presidential candidate.

It is just to call La Follette a western agrarian presidential candidate. He certainly comes from the West; and the base of his strength in his State has been among its farmers; and his this year's platform owes little, if anything at all, to ideas not natively current among the western Greenbackers and Anti-Monopolists and Populists of the thirty years succeeding the Civil War.

This statement is not meant as any reflection upon La Follette or as a compliment to the Greenbackers, Anti-Monopolists, and Populists. It is meant as, and it is, only a neutral statement of sheer historical fact.

The further fact is that in spite of the labors of Professor Turner of Wisconsin and Harvard universities a most inadequate degree of justice is done by almost all political observers and narrators to the radical and even revolutionary character and career of the American farmer. It was he, in the valleys of the Alleghenies, that gave to Thomas Jefferson his decisive backing for the overthrow of primogeniture, of the established church, and of other "special privileges" of the capitalistic coast. It was he, in the valleys and plains beyond the Alleghenies, that gave to Andrew Jackson his decisive backing for the overthrow of the United States Bank and its capitalistic Philadelphia and New York supporters. It was he, on the prairies of the Northwest, that gave to Abraham Lincoln his decisive backing for the overthrow of slavery. It was he, in his Granges, that first gave us regulation of railroads. It is he today that has laid the hand of governmental regulation upon grain exchanges and stockyards. It is he today that out of the last flare of the subsiding American frontier gives us Robert Marion La Follette.

We have had, in a sense, no geographical western American frontier since 1890. By that time the tide of settlement from the Atlantic Coast and the tide of settlement from the Pacific Coast had pretty well met and flowed over the previously unoccupied frontier land.

The frontier political spirit, however, survived. It has continued to give us the mass of our governmental innovations, all the way from purely political ones like direct primaries to economic political ones like graduated income taxes. The eastern States, brimming with wage-earners, have given little effective originating support to these innovations. They have given little support at the polls to the candidates of indigenous American radicalism.

When James B. Weaver of Iowa, who was to his age what La Follette is to this age, ran for President on the Greenback ticket in 1880 he had a platform plank extremely favorable to labor; but he polled less than half as many votes in New York State as in Texas. Running again in 1892 as the presidential candidate of the Populist Party, with a platform again sympathetic to labor and again containing quite a few ideas subsequently translated into legislative fact, he polled in New York State only one-sixth as many votes as in Texas and one-tenth as many as in Kansas.

New York State never gave to any radical "new party" candidate any appreciable number of votes till there had appeared in this country, and had been politically organized in it, the imported radicalism of Karl Marx. Weaver in 1892 polled in New York State just 16,429 votes. Debs in 1920, as the candidate of socialism, polled in New York State 203,201 votes. He did this while most of the leaders of regular trade-unions were actively hostile to him and to his creed. Yet he did it; and he was to eastern proletarian radicalism what Weaver was to western agrarian radicalism.

This year Weaver and Debs melt into La Follette. They melt into him with the added ingredients and flavors of Warren S. Stone and Samuel Gompers.

The vote for La Follette west of Chicago will be—in a sense—an old, old story. It will be one more page in the book which started with the writings of those inland characters, Jefferson and Jackson, against the money lenders of the Atlantic seaboard. Let the reader, however, take his pencil and jot down the returns of the votes given to La Follette in the cities and in the manufacturing and mining towns and villages from the southern tip of Lake Michigan to the northern edge of Boston Bay. Or, roughly, let him take the total La Follette showing in the States of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts.

If it is really large, then the reader may with absolute historical truth say to himself:

"I witness an epochal novelty. I witness the capitulation in America of Karl Marx to Jefferson and Jackson; and, along with that capitulation, and in size eclipsing it, I witness in any case the first successful effort by western American agrarian radicalism since the Civil War to provide itself with eastern wage-earning allies."

The reader may further with absolute historical truth say to himself:

"American radicalism—the really decisively innovating part of it—from its home in the frontier part of Virginia under Jefferson retreated under Jackson to Tennessee and under the Populists to a headquarters in Kansas; and then, with Kansas cooled off, it retreated into the Northwest. There La Follette, out of its antique principles, has developed modernistic applications for it and has given it its last truculently surviving citadel. Out of that citadel he now, in an industrializing age, reaches back into eastern mines and mills and shops to transmit to them—perhaps—the innovating activity which in this country, in fact, has arisen decisively among us only from the frontier farm. That is the point of this election. That is the place of La Follette in American history."

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The Wise

By COUNTEE P. CULLEN

Dead men are wisest, for they know
How far the roots of flowers go,
How long a seed must rot to grow.

Dead men alone bear frost and rain
On throbless heart and heartless brain,
And feel no stir of joy or pain.

Dead men alone are satiate;
They sleep and dream and have no weight,
To curb their rest, of love or hate.

Strange, men should flee their company,
Or think me strange who long to be
Wrapped in their cool immunity.

In the Driftway

NOW that the election is over and the ballyhoo is stilled for a time, the Drifter feels free to go about his own more important businesses, not the least pressing of which is his Bill for the Elimination of Hotel Clerks. The Drifter's own invention to take their place consists of a handsome metal keyboard on which a key for each room is hung; the keys will be in three colors: white for the most expensive rooms, blue for those of a more moderate price, red for the least and lowest. If a key is on its hook, it signifies that the room may be rented; no more will guests have to return their keys to the desk on leaving the hotel for fifteen minutes, in order that the clerk may satisfy an entirely unnecessary curiosity as to whether or not the room is occupied. The advantages of this method are obvious: the Drifter will rush to the keyboard, snatch a red key and mount to his room, feeling himself still an honorable and reasonably respected member of the human race.

* * * * *

AS things now are, when he approaches a hotel desk, a young man, patently able to buy out the hotel and give it away the same day, advances with a kindly smile and sweeps the registry book to the Drifter's hand. "A room, sir," he asks brightly, "or perhaps a suite? We can take care of you very nicely in number forty-two, bedroom, sitting-room, bath. Boy, take the gentleman's bag." The Drifter grasps his bag firmly, refusing to relinquish it to the obliging boy; he takes a long breath, straightens his collar with his free hand, clears his throat. Already a cloud is passing over the face of the opulent young man. "I don't care for a suite," mumbles the frightened victim; "I'm staying only a short time. Something quite small will do—without a bath." This last he adds timidly and in an almost inaudible voice. But the clerk is far from inaudible. "We *have* no rooms without baths," he announces loudly, clearly, coldly. Passing guests look at the Drifter and do not trouble to hide a smile; they have only just escaped themselves. A telegraph boy sniffs; the maître d'hôtel, passing to the dining room, raises his eyebrows and coughs behind his hand. By this time the Drifter is reduced to ashes and water. "Any room will do," he says in desperation, and clutches at the key passed out to him with an icy stare. He does not ask the price; he would not dare. He enters the elevator feeling like a criminal on his way to prison for life.

* * * * *

FROM hints dropped by friends, he gathers that he is not alone in his cowardice. One man assured the Drifter that he frequently spent a good ten hours planning his approach to the hotel desk. He would, so he planned, advance briskly, fix the clerk with a severe eye, and in a firm, confident voice say: "I want a small, cheap room. If you have one for two dollars, give it to me." But of course this never happened. Always his determination oozed out through his shoes at the first gleam from the dazzling smile of welcome. There are, of course, other creatures who should go forever with the clerk. Waiters in large restaurants could well be spared, taxi drivers who growl at the size of their tip, vendors of neckties and shirts who are inconsolably hurt to find that their customer wants something less than the most costly. These, however, the Drifter usually manages to avoid. He eats in a place where self-service is the rule; he walks; he wears last year's clothes, unfortunately a process which cannot go on forever. But the hotel clerk cannot be avoided, and he has the same nature in Zanesville, Ohio, as in New York's largest and most princely hostelry. He is incontrovertible proof of the decline of civilization; where once Mine Host himself hastened out to greet the weary traveler, personally superintended the serving of his dinner, and with his own candle conducted him to his room, we now have the Haughty Hotel Clerk, denying even civility to honest poverty and deriding those persons who are, in any other situation, considered upright and decent. The Drifter does not anticipate any difficulty in the passage of his bill.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

An Incoming-Tax on These Foreigners

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Here is an important communication from my friend Smith of Rotaryville, Ohio, who recently returned from Europe on the same ship with me. He has asked me to read it and then forward it to you in the interest of sound Americanism.

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

Westport, Connecticut, October 12

SIR: Perhaps Sinclair Lewis (whose real name, so I am told, is Sidney Lewisohn) may think that he has been very funny when he wrote that interview with Mr. George Babbitt, but I can't see it. To me it seems good sound common sense and I know of what I speak, for I have just come back from Europe myself and I can agree with everything Mr. Babbitt said.

But that is beside the point. I am the editor of one of the largest dry-goods house-organs printed west of the Mississippi. Perhaps we are not exactly what you would call "highbrow" but we have a circulation of 200,000 copies a month and that is more than some of the so-called organs of "liberal thought" can say.

Well, the wife and I came off the boat and had to pay all sorts of duties because we had bought a few things in Paris. Now, I am not kicking. I know it costs the U. S. A. a lot of money to maintain an adequate army and navy and I'd just as soon pay my money right at the gate as afterwards in the form of taxes as they do in old Europe. But what got me sore was the idea that our tariff is so unevenly distributed. If my wife is obliged to pay out good money for a bit of Belgian lace

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or a little Paris gown, why should other foreign products go in without paying a cent? I refer, as you have undoubtedly guessed, to the foreign "authors" who seem to have got a monopoly on our literary market.

There is Heinrich Mencken, who hates the United States, and Josef Hergesheimer, who writes about Cuba, and Eduard Bok and Juan dos Passos and Theodor Dreiser and that Swede Andersen. There is an Italian whose name escapes me just now who is allowed to write every day in the *Evening Post* and there is that Turk, Achmed Abdullah, who has no business in a Christian nation anyway. The same is true of "Konrad Bercovici," which is said to be a nom de plume for a beautiful Gypsy girl who stabbed herself several years ago for the sake of her lover, and there is Karl van Vechten, with his un-American love for cats, and there is the "Van Doren Literary Trust"—a whole family of performing Dutchmen who dictate to us what we shall read and what not, and there is Hugh Lofting, whose Dr. Dolittle is merely a thinly veiled bit of propaganda for the Prince of Wales, and there is Deems Taylor (whose real name, so I am creditably told, was Dominik Schneidermeister), and there is that fellow van Loon, whose cheap theories about "evolution" have literally made him millions of dollars, and there are a score of others—foreigners all, whether naturalized or not—who exploit our country, debauch our children, and force our women to read their radical ideas, and all for the sake of our American gold.

This may be a joke to your Mr. Lewis, but we out here in the West feel differently about it.

If I am made to pay 80 per cent on a pair of English trousers, and 90 per cent on an imported Edam cheese, why shouldn't the Government place an adequate tariff on those foreigners who merely compete with our home talent and can work cheaper because they do not have to live up to the American standard? The same goes for musicians and painters and opera singers and all the other dancing-masters who come to our shores to fill their pockets with our dollars.

I once talked about this with one of our leading educators, himself of German descent, and therefore biased. "It is a great pity," he answered, "but as long as those fellows can write and sing and fiddle and dance and compose better than we do, I suppose there is little hope." I think that that fellow was wrong. We can better do without this foreign invasion than expose our country to their unfair competition. Meanwhile, until we have caught up with Europe in those useless arts (for which unfortunately there seems to be such a great demand) why not put a great big fat incoming-tax on every writer and artist who drags his foreign name across our boundary? A flat rate of 100 per cent on his net earnings would be a good beginning.

Sign the Opium Petition!

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The array of illustrious names from India which you published last week in support of the White Cross petition against narcotics was a veritable Southern constellation—Mahatma Gandhi; the poet and philosopher Tagore; K. T. Paul, native leader of the All-Indian Christian Council; Chatterjee, the publicist and editor; the missionary C. F. Andrews, who is the most influential Englishman in India; and others who are laboring in the field of Indian education. These names show how ill-informed are those who declare that India sees nothing wrong in opium.

We used to hear the same about China, how the country "would rise in insurrection" if opium were taken away, "the streets would run with blood," "peaceful settlements would be turned into hell"; whereas when the Chinese got the chance to break their slavery they celebrated the day with banners and music, processions and gala festivities, and old smokers burnt their pipes for thank offerings in stacks as high as the houses.

This remarkable Indian expression is to be presented to the International Narcotics Conference at Geneva by the president of the White Cross in person, together with thousands of other names, as a visible expression of world conviction. If readers of *The Nation* who have not had the opportunity of signing the petition will send their names to William K. McKibben, secretary of the White Cross, care Hotel Belmont, New York City, they will be forwarded to the International Opium Conference *provided this is done immediately.* Sessions of the conference begin this month.

New York, November 1 William K. McKibben

Feminists Must Fight

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a recent issue of *The Nation* there appeared, under the title A Women's Bloc? a thoughtful and yet I believe somewhat confused criticism of the election policy of the National Woman's Party. That policy had been announced as an effort "to elect all women nominees, irrespective of their political affiliations, who seem qualified to sit in Congress and who will support the Equal Rights Amendment and a general feminist program." Your writer held that this was good publicity but bad politics, that while it was possible to hold women as a disfranchised group together in a fight for the single issue of their enfranchisement, across party lines and irrespective of economic and class interest, such tactics were no longer possible. Now that women were voters economic and class interests would prove stronger than sex interests. "There are other revolutions going on in the world besides the women's revolution."

"For every party job," the writer concedes, "for every political office, for every legal change in the direction of equality, women will have to fight as women. But the lines will be drawn inside party lines, not across them. Inside the party organizations the women will have to wage their own battle for recognition and equal rights."

At this point some very careful thinking must be done. It is probably true that the battle for "recognition," political and official, will have to be fought inside party lines. If women want to be in politics they must be politicians, they must choose their party and play the political game from the ground up. But it seems to me most emphatically not true that the battle for "equal rights" must be fought within party lines. It can never be won there. It must be fought and it will be fought by a free-handed, nonpartisan minority of energetic feminists to whom politics in general, even "reform" politics, will continue to be a matter of indifference so long as women are classed with children and minors in industrial legislation, so long as even in our most advanced States a woman can be penalized by the loss of her job when she marries.

If I am right about this distinction, then perhaps it is unfortunate that the National Woman's Party has undertaken for the moment a double role. But the principle of the Equal Rights Amendment is supremely important. The very passion with which it is opposed suggests that it is vital. To blot out of every law book in the land, to sweep out of every dusty court-room, to erase from every judge's mind that centuries-old precedent as to woman's inferiority and dependence and need for protection, to substitute for it at one blow the simple new precedent of equality, that is a fight worth making if it takes ten years.

And I expect to see the writer of your editorial, who is I am sure a feminist, backing the National Woman's Party in this fight long before the time is up.

New York, October 30 Crystal Eastman

The editors of The Nation *wish to give their hearty thanks to those who have contributed to the La-Follette-Wheeler campaign fund. A total of $7,243.74 was received.*

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Books

First Glance

"MARK TWAIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY" (two volumes, Harper: $10) will be disappointing to anyone who expected a consecutive or otherwise ordered account of Mark Twain's life. How much order anyone had a right to expect from the mind of this man is a question; but the fact remains that the book as it now appears is a jumble of things some of which are consequential and some of which are not. Mark Twain was obsessed for years with the idea that autobiography is an impossible art, and he only gradually evolved what he called a method, which was to "start at no particular time of your life; wander at your free will all over your life; talk only about the things which interest you for the moment; drop it the moment its interest threatens to pale, and turn your talk upon the new and more interesting thing that has intruded itself into your mind meantime." Even then the mass of the writer will remain hidden—"it and its volcanic fires that toss and boil, and never rest, night nor day. These are his life, and they are not written, and cannot be written." Add to this confession the circumstance that the book was written or dictated over a period of almost forty years in places as different from one another as Vienna, Florence, Fifth Avenue, New Hampshire, and Connecticut, and not very much will be looked for in the way of consistency either of tone or of material. Unpublished articles and other scraps on hand were shoveled in to make the manuscript "complete." The sections were arranged in the order of their composition, not in the order of the events related. Fifty of the seven hundred pages deal with the marketing of General Grant's "Memoirs"; thirty are given to a description of the Florentine villa in which Mark Twain was living in 1904; the rest are covered with whatever reflections or reminiscences occcurred to the author on the day he composed. Strictly speaking, "Huckleberry Finn" is better as autobiography than this, for at least it is complete within its limits, and limits were good for Mark Twain. The present volumes do not even reproduce all of the available manuscript; Albert Bigelow Paine's introduction hints of a third volume yet to come.

Neither are the disclosures of Mark Twain's private opinions as stirring as the public was induced to hope. The book was to be a voice "from the grave," yet no one will shudder upon reading it. Certain very pessimistic passages about human nature have been anticipated in earlier posthumous works if not in "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg"; and the few outbreaks here against obscure individuals of Mark Twain's acquaintance attain no new height of rage. The bitter criticisms of Theodore Roosevelt, General Wood, and General Funston are, to be sure, very welcome, being just; but any reader will say that they would have been ten times more important, because ten times more useful, if they had been published when they were timely. No explanation of their author's curious ideas as to the impossibility of being frank in this world will explain their failure now to be impressive.

But the "Autobiography," shapeless and disappointing as it is, must still be called a great book. Perhaps by very reason of its imperfections it reveals, in the plainest and most naked way, the quality of Mark Twain's literary sinew. Unclothed, his genius seeks the company of Fielding, Shakespeare, and Rabelais, and is accepted there. He shares with those men their vast riches in the mine that is so indispensable to a writer of the first rank, the mine of eloquence. This is shown here not only in numerous paragraphs and pages which mount to the top pitch of expression, not only in eulogies and diatribes which sweep the reader from his bearings, but more convincingly yet in the evidence everywhere that Mark Twain's interest in the arts of language was unbounded. He is always coming back to language—now analyzing the oratory of his various friends, now professing an enormous relish for profanity in all its forms, now making game of the German tongue, now slipping into a disquisition upon grammar and the literary rules, now seeking to establish that newspaper English is the best English in the long run, now letting himself go on the subject of narrative style. A quotation bearing upon the last point will both reveal his theory and prove his gift:

> With the pen in one's hand, narrative is a difficult art; narrative should flow as flows the brook . . . a brook that never goes straight for a minute, but *goes*, and goes briskly, sometimes ungrammatically, and sometimes fetching a horseshoe three-quarters of a mile around, and at the end of the circuit flowing within a yard of the path it traversed an hour before; but always *going*, and always following at least one law, always loyal to that law, the law of *narrative*, which *has no law*. Nothing to do but make the trip; the how of it is not important, so that the trip is made.

This is first-rate writing, or perhaps it should be said first-rate talk. For it has been pointed out that Mark Twain's language at its most powerful moments is the language of passionate and impetuous speech; significantly enough the section of the "Autobiography" which was written at Vienna is indistinguishable in manner from the section dictated at Florence. More than he ever was aware, no doubt, Mark Twain was concerned with the art of writing without art, and it is conceivable that critics of his books a century hence will be more concerned as to how he made his long, triumphal trip than as to the obvious fact that he made it.

MARK VAN DOREN

A New Genre

Mark Only. By T. F. Powys. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THE Cranford myth consists in the belief that the English countryside is politically a charming hangover from the manorial system, aesthetically a well-arranged geometrical pattern of clipped hedge-rows, and socially a region largely inhabited by two classes: well-mannered Oxfordian curates with a lovable mania for tea, and quaint rustics who dance on the village green, raise caps to the squire, and drink their four-ale, all in the most approved genre manner. On the surface Mr. Powys may appear merely as the leveller of a lance against this Cranford myth, one of the prosaic band of "uncompromising realists" who are at present engaged in inaugurating a new controversy. His three books of fiction, "The Left Leg," "Black Bryony," and now "Mark Only," present pictures of life as it is lived in the south and west of modern England. Mr. Powys, ruthless, Dante-visioned, bitter with the agony of long and continuous contact with the environment he describes, strips this life of every possible idyllic association. We arise from these novels of the most exquisite realism with a vision of the mutilated corpse of the gentle Mrs. Gaskell, who saw life steadily but saw it over the rim of a teacup.

Those, however, who have read Mr. Powys's early book of confession, "The Soliloquies of a Hermit," and who have patiently endeavored to define for themselves the rare, if bitter, savor of his novels, are convinced that he is more than a crusader against sentimentality. It is true that in "Mark Only" the hero Mark Andrews is technically a moron, the villain Tulk a despicable satyr of the most fiendish type, and the other characters either wandering in their wits or mudded with brutality. It is true that the story itself is a compound of every horror-inspiring melodramatic device known to the hack of fifty years ago. It is true that a bestial passion creeps through the pages of the story like a dirty white fog, compelling our nostrils to an involuntary quiver. Granted—Mr. Powys is not for the weak-stomached. He may very well be presenting a faithful, if revolting, portrait of country life; or he may not be. He overdraws at times, being given more particularly in "Mark Only" to piling horror upon horror with the persistence of a Sophocles.

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But all this does not so much matter—the importance of Mr. Powys is that his concern is with deeper things than mere truth to externals. What, for example, is the aesthetic problem that he has so successfully solved?

The people in Mr. Powys's world move so slowly that they seem to compose an almost static society. Their lives are so intensely primitive and simple that the intrusion of drama into them seems an impossibility. They are all governed by one or two elementary desires, or rather obsessions—the poor halfwit Mark by a half-realized desire to keep his life running or creeping in the old channels familiar to him, the lame Tulk by an uncomplicated lust for power over his immediate fellow-creatures, Emmie the little servant by a tragic and childlike sexual curiosity that masters her like a Greek Fate, Mr. Beggwell, prosperous farmer, by an overweening pride in the enormity of his prize mangelwurzels, and so on. The minds of these people stir like the thick mud at the bottom of a stagnant pond; it is as if they were being put through their paces by the operation of a slow-motion camera. Nothing surprises them. The flame of life has burned so low that they are the most passive of receptacles for the most limited of experiences. They do not seem organic; they are the agents through which operates a continual and relentless process of petrifaction. They live in a worn world; their environment is sessile. So quiescent are they, so slow in reaction, that it seems impossible to find any conflict among them—and narrative is born of conflict.

Mr. Powys in describing this negatively accelerated universe with sympathy and power has performed an amazing technical feat. He has synchronized the volatile motions of his brain with the unbelievably impeded tempo of the village of Dodderdown. His style is carefully graduated so as to approach monotony but never quite reach it. It is one of stark simplicity where the lacunae of human speech count for more than the words themselves, where omission lights up emotion. He wastes little time in reflection, none in characterization. He stamps his characters with the decision and accuracy of a minting machine: "Mr. Thomas had a wife who was in ill-health and made the most of it." Never is there the slightest concession to fine writing, although the flame of a twisted and tender beauty flickers through these pages. Mr. Powys, in short, has presented an organic picture of an almost static society. He is a splendid example of the adaptation of the artist to his material. And it must not be thought that his people are dull. They are fascinating. We enter into their squalid but intensely poignant lives as if we were making an excursion into the mind of primitive man. Kinship we cannot feel, but the Balboan thrill of discovery is ours. Mr. Powys has described, it may be invented, a new world where Mr. Peach and Mr. Tolly discourse of the soul "which do be a hedgehog," where old Mrs. Andrews, patting her thin and greasy hair, gibbers the story of a tragic girlhood, where Mr. Hayball the parson escapes unwitting from the life around him by indulging a queer antiquarian taste for rainfall statistics. Mr. Powys has invented a new genre—the tragi-comedy of rustic life seen by one as over-sensitive to ugliness as the flayed Marsyas was to pain. CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

Tartar History

A Thousand Years of the Tartars. By E. H. Parker. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

THERE are many uncharted regions in the national history of the Tartars. For a time one of the most powerful peoples of Asia, they crowned the long row of their successes, which they had achieved in their native territory, by subjugating a considerable part of Europe. This climax of their military achievements was at the same time the beginning of the decay of their power. They were too sparsely settled on that immense territory which spread from Kamchatka almost to the Atlantic coast of the Eurasiatic continent to enable their leaders, however powerful they might have been, to preserve their authority over the unruly tribes whom they had conquered.

Mr. Parker was among the first who went back to Chinese sources in an effort to explore the early history of the Tartars and to gather information on their racial origin. In the present volume he describes the events of importance in the life of the tribes which are commonly designated as Tartars from the second century before the Christian era until the death of Tashih in 1136. Strictly speaking, therefore, the book gives more than it promises in its title. Apparently the author was of the opinion that the period described by him was a complete chapter which, considered as a whole, would permit students of Tartar history better to understand its further developments and the subsequent spectacular role which the Tartars played in Europe under Bathu Khan. Moreover, the nature of the material which was placed at his disposal by a chief judge of Shanghai—and which was limited to Chinese sources—made him select as the topic of his book that part of the history of the Tartars in which their orientation was toward China.

One of Mr. Parker's discoveries is that the Hiung-nu, Scythians, Huns, and Turks trace their ancestry to the same root. In the "empires" which the Tartars set up these branches of the same race alternated with one another, permitting a further intermixture of the different racial elements. It was the Tartars, according to Mr. Parker, who imported early Buddhism into China. Contrary to the formerly current opinion that the moral code of early Buddhism found its way to China through Tibet, the author insists that it was mainly through the Punjab and the Pamir that the new religion took its way. Mr. Parker reminds the reader that modern Chinese is derived to a considerable extent from the Tartar language. If one bears in mind that in that period of Chinese-Tartar history which the author describes Tartars and Chinese fought for the hegemony around and inside the Chinese walls, and that their struggle resulted in a more or less periodical alternation of rulers in Northern China and Tartary between members of both peoples, the great importance of Tartaric in the evolution of the Chinese language can be better appreciated.

Mr. Parker has given a powerful impetus to a further study of Tartar history and ethnology by making accessible contemporary Chinese sources. As might have been expected, his side of the narrative presents chiefly the Chinese attitude toward the Tartars. Today there are living about three million Tartars scattered over European and Asiatic Russia. The story of their origin is one of the most interesting chapters in human history. It is to be hoped, now that one aspect of their ancestry has been taken care of by Mr. Parker, that their relation to the Turks, Scythians, Huns—with whom, it is argued, they are in many respects identical—will be as elaborately and as interestingly treated. EMIL LENGYEL

An Englishman to Excess

Contemporary Criticisms of Dr. Samuel Johnson, His Works, and His Biographers. Collected and Edited by John Ker Spittal. E. P. Dutton & Company. $6.

TO discover and publish what the reviewers of one of the major magazines of his time had to say about Samuel Johnson and his writings, and to collect, also, their comments upon the books that were published about him, has been Mr. Spittal's purpose. The result is a valuable addition to existing Johnsoniana. It is fortunate that Mr. Spittal was able to know Johnson's own opinion of the source chosen, for Johnson remarked to George III that the *Monthly Review* was the most carefully written of the magazines then appearing, although its principles on religion were not above question. What the reservation signifies is very apparent to Johnsonians.

Not the least striking fact brought to light is that the vast superiority of Boswell's "Life" was immediately recognized and hailed, and that there was no question in the mind of a contemporary reviewer that Johnson deserved so meticulous a rec-

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ord. It is unwise to generalize from the views of so partial a writer, but there is no trace here of that sneering depreciation of Boswell's genius that Macaulay made the fashion but which under the blows of Mr. Tinker is passing. Concerning Boswell's qualifications for his task it was remarked: "Among the literati of the present age, and particularly those who were intimately conversant with Dr. Johnson, we know of none better qualified, from a personal acquaintance with the hero of the story, than is Mr. B. for a complete execution of the task which he had imposed on himself, in writing the life of this extraordinary man."

The general lineaments of Johnson emerge from the ordeal by criticism not at all changed from those which are familiar. Mr. Tinker lately devoted an essay to discouraging the idea that Johnson was a dictator to all literary London of his day. No review here of his critical writings fails to note his biases and prejudices as vitiating the value of his dicta, and there is frequent complaint that some of the prejudices verge on childishness. But a clear appreciation of his defects does not exclude an equally clear appreciation of his merits. In the whole range of his writing he was greeted with serious attention. Not in all respects was it granted that he had supreme facility; as a moralist, not as a literary man, he was praised in greatest measure. The tragedy "Irene" was little valued as a stage drama, but the sentiments were applauded. The heaviness and pomposity of his style was pointed out, and one reviewer approvingly quoted a stylistic comparison of Johnson and Addison which favored the latter. The hardest censure fell upon the political pamphlets. The reviewer of "Taxation No Tyranny" was of the opinion that Johnson's "present performance will yield no considerable addition to his credit, either as a writer or as an honest, independent friend of his country. . . ."

Some of the selections of course are more interesting than others, and some are so dull as almost to defy reading. Incidentally they offer a commentary on the eighteenth-century manner of reviewing. The notice of Boswell's "Life" extended over three issues of the "Review" and covers thirty-five pages in this reprint. That Johnson's absurdities were constantly noticed and sometimes deprecated has been indicated, but much of the interest in Johnson arises out of them and Boswell's biography is the great source of examples. Johnson without Boswell would be nothing, and even with Boswell what would he be if he was not, as Boswell remarked in regard to his prejudice against the Scotch, "to some degree of excess a true-born Englishman"? Something of this was realized by his contemporaries, for they in a measure perceived that it was as a man that Johnson was to go down to posterity.

C. Hartley Grattan

A Religious Pollyanna

Why I Am a Christian. By Dr. Frank Crane. Wise and Company.

"WHY I AM A CHRISTIAN" achieves the distinction of being "modern" and yet probably acceptable—in small doses as put up by the doctor—to almost every Rotary Club. Any syndicate writer or popular magazine editor will tell you that such achievement spells success.

Dr. Crane has given us such a book a Pollyanna might have written after a short course in William James's pragmatism and a shorter and somewhat critical course in Tolstoi's non-violent ethics—always assuming that Pollyanna could have mastered Dr. Crane's readable newspaper style.

An extended review of the book would involve a careful consideration of the adequacy of popular pragmatism as a philosophical defense of religion in general and Christianity in particular—a subject on which the present reviewer is skeptical.

Dr. Crane reduces the matter to its lowest terms: "I am a Christian, not because I know the Christ story is true but because it produces its beneficial effect upon me when I act as if it were true." But he nowhere satisfactorily explains what the Christ story is which he thus believes or just what—beyond a general decency of life—is meant by acting as if the story were true.

For the rest, Dr. Crane believes in God, human nature, and himself. Difficulties in the way of his simple faith are easily disregarded. The tone of the book is fairly indicated by a paragraph like this: "The world God said He loved was not a Christian world. All its people were just plain ordinary human beings; God loved them and thought they had sense enough to understand what He told them. So do I."

The significance of such a book is that it popularizes the modern version of Christianity—a Christianity so different from the historic Christianity of the church in its philosophy and creeds as to be almost a new religion. In this attempt Dr. Crane's happy way of stating platitudes and his skill in steering his bark away from the swirling deeps of human experience may be useful.

Most assuredly the record of his religious life will not go down to posterity along with Augustine's or Bunyan's or Pascal's or Newman's or John Woolman's. But then the late editor of the *American Magazine* might not have asked them to write such a book. He did ask Dr. Frank Crane. And that is a testimonial no critical reviewer can gainsay.

Norman Thomas

"H. D."

Heliodora and Other Poems. By H. D. Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50.

QUARRELS about free and formal verse seem singularly irrelevant in the presence of these magnificent poems. H. D. writes with indiscriminate perfection. She uses the freer rhythms with flawless art and the more formal meters with skilful and spontaneous rapture. It is futile, too, after reading these poems, to argue the distinction between poets whose hypnosis lies in music and those in whom images are the charm. Her lines sing always, and her phrases break constantly into images so vivid that they fairly hurt with beauty. It would be absurdest of all to talk of classicism and romanticism. Here is passion patterned to the serenity of form, and form so sinuous, sensitive, and fluent that it seems the native ungarlanded language of passion itself. H. D. is, in short, a poet of the first water, and it would be stupidity on the critic's part to try to classify her. The most that one can hope to do is to indicate some of her special beauties, and to define the special flame that sings in this small fine book.

H. D. is, in the first place, what I suppose might be called a thoroughly Greek spirit. By that I do not mean simply that her themes are Greek, as many of them are. That no more constitutes her a Greek than owning a library turns a man into a man of letters. Nor is she Greek in the eighteenth-century sense of faded calm. She is Greek in simplicity and directness, and Greek, too, in the terrible rapture out of which these are distilled. She is a poet in her own right whose imagination happens to have been fired by Greek legends and whose art gives fire to the favorite Greek themes of Helen and song, love, wine, and the salt sea.

If any unique quality of her verse demands pointing out, it is the urgent persistency of its music. Below the carefully modulated rise and fall of the phrases there is a surging undertone which sings itself steadily through whole stanzas or whole poems. "What is this secret of sound?" one asks, "and how does she manage this subtle music?" Some of the external mechanics are obvious, but the secret, I suppose, will always be her own. It is an unteachable cadence, the voice of a clear mind and uncorrupted ecstacy. Sometimes the device is very simple, the repetition of a phrase or the chant-like reiteration of a word:

> Better the wind, the sea, the salt in your eyes,
> than this, this, this.

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Sometimes the wave of the music is secured by the skilful unexpected ring of a rhyme, a barely perceptible assonance:

All Greece hates
the still eyes in the white face,
the luster as of olives
where she stands
and the white hands.

Heliodora, the title poem, is pure magic of sound, of visual loveliness, and of an almost stinging passion. It is the dramatic conversation of two friends debating the perfect epithet for the beauty of a girl. Included is a translation from two epigrams of Meleager:

He said:
"I will make her a wreath,"
he said,
"I will write it thus:
I will bring you the lily that laughs,
I will twine,
with soft narcissus the myrtle,
sweet crocus, white violet,
the purple hyacinth, and last,
the rose, loved-of-love,
that these may drip on your hair
the less soft flowers,
may mingle sweet with the sweet
of Heliodora's locks,
myrrh-curled.

Certainly the surge and thunder of the Odyssey has never been more finely caught and wrought into English verse than in the beautiful translation of the opening lines. The Look-Out is recommended to those who wish an example of how agony can be poured into the mold of verse, how it may be pictured in beautiful postures and carried by coherent music. H. D.'s own lines in the introductory Wash of Cold River form the best commentary on her work:

rare, of pure texture,
beautiful space and line,
marble to grace,
your inaccessible shrine.

IRWIN EDMAN

Books in Brief

Fundamentals of Social Psychology. By Emory S. Bogardus. The Century Company. $3.50.

This is a general account of the principal features of social behavior couched in rather traditional terminology. Very little use is made of the exact work of modern psychology or of the contribution which psycho-analysis has made touching the close relationships between the social environment of the individual and his behavior. Moreover, the author unfortunately mixes sociological and psychological concepts without discrimination. The classifications strike one as unduly academic and far too minute. But the book possesses excellent illustrative content. It deals with concrete matters of interest such as fashion, custom, public opinion, conflict, assimilation, and leadership. Falling midway between the more rigid treatises on psychology and sociology and the popular discussions of these topics so common today, it may prove of use not only to beginning students but to the lay reader as well.

More Obiter Dicta. By Augustine Birrell. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.25.

Mr. Augustine Birrell's writings always seem to suggest that their author is a gentleman. Perhaps that is why we in America have difficulty in taking Mr. Birrell seriously as a critic. He is always easy, unruffled, accomplished, unpedantic, and unprofessional in his manner. This new miscellany, the harvest of many years of literary journalism, is not different in quality from the first series of "Obiter Dicta" which appeared forty years ago; there is no "early," "middle," and "later" Birrell for us to cope with. Obviously, Mr. Birrell is not warmly contemporaneous. It is rather his pleasure to recount his adventures among the lesser masterpieces and his tramps on the lower slopes of Parnassus.

The Diary of a Country Parson: The Reverend James Woodforde. 1758-1781. Edited by John Beresford. Oxford University Press. $4.20.

A classic of the commonplace. The hero was as undistinguished as he is unknown, yet he set everything down, even to the last penny he paid for his servants' port. Pepys without a sparkle.

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers its fifth annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest follow:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Monday, December 1, and not later than Wednesday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope, "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.

3. As no manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length, or which are translations, or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 11, 1925.

7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

Drama

An Accomplished Actress

"L'AIGLON," the play, would hardly be worth discussing at so late a date were it not for the fact that the badness of the piece encourages the badness of Madame Simone's acting and plays into the hands of her most cherished defects. From this story of Napoleon's son, a hopeless weakling who, dreaming of conquest, gets no further than a white uniform and an old cocked hat, a master psychologist might possibly extract some meaning; but even he would have at best a sorry theme and be compelled to deal, not merely with a failure, but with a failure essentially mean. If he found, as Rostand found, his central figure pathetic, he would have to ask our tears in behalf of a self-pitying cipher who felt himself wronged because denied the opportunity of amusing himself with bloodshed and cannon; our psychologist would probably find his pathos verging toward satire as he realized how fortunate it was for the world that it was spared a Napoleon without genius.

Rostand, however, bourgeois to the core and loving rhetoric

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as only a man incapable of poetry can love it, has never been accused by even his admirers of being a master psychologist and he is never in danger of looking deeply enough into his theme even to perceive its defects. His situations like his images are palpably false and so completely external that they manage to escape criticism from himself or others. When, for example, the Duke enters the court he enters at the very moment when one of the ladies is reading aloud a passage which seems to refer to the situation in which he finds himself; such fortuitous occurrences constitute nearly all the supposed "moments" of the play. At the appropriate instant the bodyguard dresses himself in Napoleonic uniform, wooden soldiers in semblance of the grande armée appear upon the table, or L'Aiglon himself treads accidentally upon a cockade. Such, in the mind of the author, are the labored puerilities which constitute the art of dramatic writing.

The method of Madame Simone is the one perfectly adapted to such inanities. She is what is sometimes called an accomplished actress, and by that is meant that she has learned a series of gestures, vocal and manual, much as the bright infant accustomed to annoy his parent's guests has learned them; and at the appropriate times she trots them out. Doubtless they are all classified in her mind for purposes of ready reference, so that when she studies a role she merely dresses it up with appropriate effects much as an expert costumer dresses a character from the stock on hand. With her, all is imposed from the outside; she would no more think of letting an inward emotion work itself out in a natural and purely individual gesture than an old-time stock manager would have thought of designing a new scene to fit the mood of a play. Just as he, looking over his stock, would select "an elegant drawing room" or "a road in the mountains," so she drags forth from the storage room "haughty disdain" or "sudden despair" as the occasion may demand. An actress working upon this method may, if her stock be large enough, be "accomplished"; but to those who expect to find life in the theater she is certainly dull.

Moreover, Madame Simone's performance, as she gives it at Henry Miller's Theater, is cheaper, even granting her method, than it needs to be. So obviously is the central character a weakling that the patriotic appeal of the play is somewhat mitigated, but Madame Simone, wishing no doubt to give the sad compatriots who come to see her as much comfort as possible, forgets sometimes that he is not even potentially a hero. Accordingly she rises a good deal higher in her declamation than the occasion calls for and she moves the critical auditor to remind her that the Duke is, even by the title of the play, merely an eaglet and not, as she seems sometimes to suggest, an eagle.

"Tiger Cats," another French play, is presented at the Belasco Theater with the somewhat oppressive opulence characteristic of its producer. It has the advantage of being more up to date in the style of its theatricality, but it is, like so many of the modern plays imported from Paris, glittering rather than profound or true. The theme is strikingly like that of the "Amoureuse" of Porto-Riche, but the story of the great man ensnared and destroyed by the sinister physical attractiveness of his wife is made the occasion of sensational scenes rather than of a serious study. Katherine Cornell and Robert Loraine, unlike Madame Simone, struggle against instead of yielding to the artificiality of their roles and do as much as could be done to make the play moving. At the National Theater Miss Florence Reed returns from the movies but brings a good deal of their spirit with her, and in "Ashes" suffers as only a movie mother can. Her play has, however, the modest virtue of being unassuming in its obviousness.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LECTURES AND AMUSEMENTS

The DEBATE of the Season!

SHOULD LITERATURE BE CENSORED?

JOHN S. SUMNER *versus* ERNEST BOYD

Sec. N. Y. Soc. for Sup. of Vice — Noted Int. Author and Critic

Chairman: CLIFFORD SMYTH, Editor, International Book Review

Temporary Chairman: John Farrar, Editor of *The Bookman*

SUBJECT

RESOLVED: That limitations upon the contents of books and magazines as defined in proposed legislation would be detrimental to the advancement of American literature.

MR. SUMNER, Negative MR. BOYD, Affirmative

THIS SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, AT 8:30 P. M.

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Course 2. *The Development of the Drama.* By *Dr. Will Durant.* Sundays 5 p. m., 9 Second Avenue. Sg. adm. 25c. Nov. 9: "Shakespeare."

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7 East 15th Street

Courses Beginning

Nov. 13, 7:00 P.M.....Scott Nearing "Current Opinion"

Nov. 14, 8:30 P.M.....Herman Epstein "With the Great Composers"

Nov. 15, 11:00 A. M. and 1:30 P. M., Scott Nearing "Dynamic Sociology" and "Current History"

Nov. 26, 8:30 P.M.....Johan Smertenko "Current Drama"

Sat., Nov. 8, 1:30 p. m.....Carleton Beals, "Mexico"

Sat., Nov. 15, 3:30 p. m...Vint Laughland, "Social Religion"

A Dinner for Nation Readers

Thursday, Nov. 13

Is America So Bad, After All?

Speakers—

Hendrik Van Loon
Author, "The Story of Mankind"

Glenn Frank
Editor, *The Century*

Chairman,
Lewis S. Gannett
Associate Editor, *The Nation*

Tickets $2.50
See page vii for details

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International Relations Section

Scandinavia Moves to Disarm; France Takes Alarm

RECENT moves toward disarmament or reduction of armament in Sweden and Denmark have excited grave fears in France, where any move in that direction seems to be regarded as a threat to peace. The leading article in the *Temps* (Paris), the semi-official organ of the French Government, for October 11, consisted of the following illuminating comment on the Scandinavian proposals—casting light both on Scandinavia and on France:

There is a contemporary movement in the Scandinavian countries which deserves attention, for it is characteristic of a state of mind which, from a general point of view, is disturbing. The recent legislative elections in Sweden, indicating a distinct gain for the Left, and the incredible program of total disarmament which was revealed at the Assembly of the League and which has just been presented to the Danish Parliament by the Socialist Cabinet are two facts which should be stressed. Only the change in the conditions of existence and the overturn in social values can explain the developing current in these northern countries, where a high general level of culture and political maturity seemed to protect the masses from simple mistakes and risks of adventure. One wonders whether the immediate neighborhood of Russia and contact with the most active elements of the Soviet regime have not had a moral influence upon the Scandinavian countries the effect of which is only now becoming obvious, giving birth to the most dangerous illusions in these nations noted for their judgment and common sense.

The military question played a prominent part in the electoral campaign in Sweden, where the Conservative Ministry led by Mr. Trygger had been governing with the support of the Liberals. The Trygger Ministry failed to persuade the old Chamber to adopt a military budget of about 50 million kronen. The Government, however, considered that the minimum indispensable for the national defense and to enable Sweden to fulfil the obligations which will fall upon her if the principle of mutual assistance is definitely fixed as the basis of the international order. The Socialists, encouraged by the advanced Liberals, expect to obtain a considerable reduction of the war budget by a military reform which would consist essentially in replacing the standing army by a militia system. The results of the recent election will probably assist the realization of that policy. In any case the Swedish people did not seem to understand the reasons which require it not to risk any weakening of its means of national defense under present circumstances, since the Socialists, who were the strongest party numerically in the old Chamber, have gained several seats at the expense of the Liberals. With the aid of 5 Communists they will number 109 in the new Chamber, against 65 Conservatives, 23 Agrarians, and 33 Liberals—the latter divided into two groups—a total of 121 for the bourgeois parties. But since, probably, most of the Liberals will support the Social Democrats in the new Chamber, the Trygger Ministry will doubtless give way to a Socialist Cabinet which, while representing only a minority of the country, will have the power of imposing its program of immediate realizations and especially of asserting its theories as regards the national defense.

In Denmark the situation is still more serious. The Socialist Cabinet headed by Mr. Stauning governs there with a majority of two or three, including the one German elected from North Slesvig. The Chamber of Deputies consists of 55 Socialists, 45 members of the Moderate Left, 20 Radicals, 28 Conservatives, and one German, aligned as a Socialist-Radical bloc of 76 against a Conservative-Liberal bloc of 73. Under these conditions the Stauning Cabinet presented its program of virtually total disarmament on land and sea. In outline it proposes suppression of real military service and of the ministries of war and of the navy; dismantling of all the fortifications, and suppression of the munitions factories; finally, creation of a police corps, to maintain order and tranquillity, which could not in any case be used in a struggle against regular enemy forces. This would amount to suppressing all national defense and depriving the country of the practical means of opposing aggression. . . .

It appears that the Socialist Government has no chance of inducing the Chamber of Deputies to accept its strange program, for even its Radical allies are disposed to ask the maintenance of at least a minimum of the forces indispensable to the safeguard of the territory. The disarmament of Denmark will not come so rapidly if it ever comes at all, but the serious fact remains that the responsible government of a country which has always had the greatest respect for its duty to itself and to others has been able to arrive at such a point of view, and to risk recommending to Parliament a proposition of which the least that one can say is that it implies absolute failure to recognize the obligation of every nation to look out for its security and to maintain the dignity of its independent existence.

This is a striking example of the general danger created by the ideology and phraseology of the revolutionaries, by which the grandiloquence of demagogues misleads the masses. All this literature concerning disarmament as the only effective means of destroying war, which grows out of the most mediocre demagoguery, tends to upset simple-minded people and unstable minds. A pretext is sought to avoid the primary duty to one's country, to escape all international obligations which might interfere with sacred egoism. At the bottom of this movement for spontaneous disarmament is the idea that even in case of aggression a people should refuse to defend itself and rather submit to the rule of the aggressor than expose itself to the harsh test of war. The principle that it is better to give up any national defense if one is not in a position to guarantee oneself against an aggressor is the beginning of that collective resignation which inevitably leads to every failure.

Whatever the audacious suggestions of its temporary leaders the Danish people has certainly not come to that. . . . What use would it be to provide for all the nations mutual assistance against any aggressor state if those who think they have nothing to fear begin by reducing to nothing their means of action and thus destroy any possibility of effective assistance by them to the victims of aggression? In such conditions the theoretical organization of peace would be a monstrous deception for the nations of good faith. The red wave now rolling in the Scandinavian countries will break against the solid dike of national feeling and of popular common sense. There as elsewhere the reflux will finally come, carrying with it the puerile hopes and easy dreams which please the spirit of revolution.

The point of view of the *Temps* is doubly interesting in the light which it casts upon the possible effect of the Geneva protocol upon the hope for disarmament in Europe. Apparently disarmament is regarded by the partisans of the Geneva program as an obstacle to their program!

A Peace Conference in Berlin

THE twenty-eighth International Conference for World Peace (an assembly of representatives of the world peace movement) was held in October in Berlin, the opening meeting being held in the Reichstag Building. Ferdinand Buisson, president of the League of the Rights of Man, Professor Victor Basch of the Sorbonne, and Marcelle Capy were among the French delegates. Senator Henri Lafontaine of Belgium presided, Mrs. Pethick Lawrence

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was one of the English delegates, Fridtjof Nansen was present, and delegates came from most of the European countries. The following extracts are from a report in the *Wochenblatt* of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* for October 9:

Senator Lafontaine said: "We hail the fact that we are meeting in the capital of the German Republic, in the Reichstag Building, as a sign of the times, as a hope and an encouragement." [After outlining the horrors of the next war and suggesting the slogan "Kill War" he continued:] "A few days ago that cry rang out at Geneva from the rostrum of the League of Nations, and it is for us to study whether the means recommended by the diplomats are really fitted to prevent war. The partial disarmament promised is only a modest first step on the path to the complete liberation of mankind. Economic disarmament must begin simultaneously, for the existence of customs frontiers is a constant cause of conflicts and a strong barrier to the development of a world market. Moral disarmament can only follow economic and military disarmament. Those nations which have been forced to disarm should congratulate themselves and attempt to bring about a free exchange of goods. It is our task to follow attentively the discussions of the Geneva Disarmament Conference and ourselves to make suggestions. We must so influence the education of the masses and of the youth that the will to peace shall be dominant in them. The League of Nations must be inspired with a democratic spirit and turned into a great republic of humanity. The uprightness of the peoples which compose the League will stand in direct proportion to the uprightness with which democratic ideas are realized in their various countries. The League must include all the peoples; that will make its power and give it respect. The ideal of solidarity and brotherhood which it should realize will be granted to mankind only when the League of Nations has become a league of peoples, an all-inclusive home of mankind, and each of us thinks of himself as a citizen of the world. . . ."

Fridtjof Nansen said: "The Geneva Assembly of this year was the most important since the foundation of the League. It was a great step toward a better future for Europe. It now seems as if that future were not so hopeless as it had seemed. We are now seeing the glimmerings of dawn, and I believe that the sun will yet rise again over the Western countries. We shall experience a new day, in which the peoples of Europe will work together as citizens, in which war will be a crime, and in which the word 'enemy' will no longer exist."

Friendship Week

THE following account is taken from the *Vossische Zeitung* of August 22:

A young Dutch student in Paris worked alone for a year in preparation for an International Friendship Week to be participated in by French and Germans. Her work bore fruit after many struggles and difficulties. In the lovely valley of the Chevreuse, two hours from Paris, on the estate of Dr. Demarquette, the leader of the Society of the Friends of Nature—the Trait d'Union—a village of tents was erected from July 27 to August 4, for the fifty to sixty young people from France, England, Germany, Holland, and other countries. Wibina Boisevain, the young Dutch woman, was assisted by Dr. Demarquette, who acted as leader of the camp, and Dr. Dumesnil, the leader of the Christian-pacifist movement of France.

Besides the special lectures very earnest work was done in conference, private talks, and in silent meditation. The poet Duhamel pointed out the foundations of a new ethics, which is based on individual responsibility. Dr. Dumesnil showed that peace between nations is one of the demands of Christianity; Hein Herbers reported on the peace movement in Germany. Various delegates told of the movements with which they were affiliated, and which in purpose were similar to the meeting being held. The Dutch Youth Movement, called the Practical-Idealists, the work of the French teachers, the German Youth Movement for the voluntary rebuilding of northern France, the French Naturalist Movement, all were described in pertinent way. . . .

It is unnecessary to mention the fruits that grow from such a conference. The particular significance of the conference was not in the work, but much more in the fact that for the first time since the war, perhaps even at any time, the Roman and Teutonic, the French and the German were united in a simple brotherhood after the manner of the European Youth Movement. As one of the speakers expressed it: "An hour spent in a common activity unites more than an hour in a lecture." The working together, fetching water and wood, cooking, playing, dancing, singing, tramping, living together and holding common worship, it was this which put the stamp on the week. It was more than a conference; it was a community of spirit which will remain after the individuals have scattered again. . . .

The spirit of the conference is pictured most clearly in the manner in which the last day began. It was the tenth anniversary of the declaration of war. Gerd Knoche told how as a German soldier in the World War he had experienced both the cruelty and the goodness of mankind; then Dr. Demarquette gave similar experiences as a former French soldier. More than through any ethical discussion or through a set program were these meetings shaken by these simple, and yet in most cases, cruel facts. After this Dr. Dumesnil epitomized the mind of the group as he read the words: "If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not love, then I am as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." And finally: "There remains faith, hope, and charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity."

A circle, a joining of hands, a silence. The conference was at an end.

In an early issue of The Nation
"Canada and the Empire"
By Owen E. McGillicuddy.

Contributors to This Issue

WILL IRWIN is a writer who was several times decorated for his services during the Great War.

FLORENCE GUY SEABURY is a contributor to current periodicals.

ROBERT DELL represented *The Nation* at the recent meeting of the League Assembly at Geneva.

EMIL LENGYEL is a Hungarian journalist living in New York.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN is in charge of the English department at Urbana University School, Urbana, Ohio.

IRWIN EDMAN, assistant professor of philosophy at Columbia University, will publish his first volume of poems this fall.

NORMAN THOMAS was the recent Socialist candidate for Governor of New York.

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